

just because I had been careless and put the glass top too near the edge of the shelf.
—Mollie Gedney,
Seventh Grade.

A MEMORABLE SPOT.

One day last summer I had to carry some coal upstairs. Mother told me not to drop any on the steps, but I was in such a hurry that a big piece of coal fell out of the scuttle. I did not stop to pick it up because the boys were calling me outside. When I had the coal upstairs I took some cookies and went out to play ball. When it began to grow dark I thought I would go home. So I put on my coat and started for home. I ate my supper and went to study my lessons. Just then we heard a noise on the steps. We rushed to see what the matter was. We looked down and there was grandma lying on the hard ground. I asked her to forgive me. Every time I carry coal it makes me think of it and I shall never forget that day.
—Charles Proshok,
Fifth Grade.

A WHOLE PECK OF TROUBLE.

You would not think that going hunting would cause so much trouble as this. One day when I went home from school I took in my wood and water and ate my supper. Then I sat down to do my arithmetic, but I heard somebody calling for me outside. I put my hat on and went out. There stood Robert. He wanted me to go hunting with him. I asked my mother if I could go and she said "yes." So I went. Finally we were out on the lake chasing divers, because Robert's mother was making a sofa pillow and wanted the feathers to stuff it with. The lake was still. Soon it began to get dark, so we went home. When I went into the house I received a good whipping for staying so long. The next day when I went to school I did not have my arithmetic done. So I had to stay after school and do the examples. It was quite late when I reached home, so I was given a dreadful scolding, which made me tremble. After that I was not so careless. I remembered that mother did not mean for me to stay out half the night when she said I could go hunting for a little while.
—Job Grant,
Fifth Grade, White Bear Lake, Minn.
Washington School.

THE END OF THE SONG.

One bright day in July saw me on a small ridge near our farm. I was herding cattle and sheep, which were greedily eating the green grass. I was sitting in a tree singing a lullaby. The motion and rustling of the trees kept time to my song. The cowbells, bees and lambs made a good accompaniment. Mother Nature was moaning as if in sorrow. The grass was waving in a meadow near by. Only the voice of a frog, the crying lambs and my song broke the silence. Soon I stopped singing and began to think of the future, or rather seeing my greatness and bravery. The perfume of flowers helped to make me forget my present situation. Suddenly I slipped off the branch I was sitting on, and down I went, never stopping till, with a crash, I struck the ground. I landed with such force that my heart was brought up higher than it ought to be. It is also worth mentioning that I was seen limping on one leg and carrying one arm in a sling to remind me of my carelessness.
—Gustav Holmlund,
Sixth Grade.

AN EXPENSIVE LESSON.

It was a cold night in November. My father and I had just returned from a long drive of sixty miles. It was storming and was so dark we could not see a hand before us. We would have perished on the prairie had it not been for my dog, which, in spite of my efforts to keep him back, had gone with us. On our way home he ran in front of the horses, while one of us followed with a lantern, and we arrived at home safely. In haste to get the horses into the barn and get to the house to warm myself, I forgot the dog, and he was left in the storm. When I recalled, to my shame, that I had forgotten him, I hastened to find him. He could not be found, so I decided to abandon my search until morning. In the morning I hunted again, but did not find him until about noon, and when I did I found him dead. Poor old fellow! He had crept under the porch to keep warm but had died. I shall never forget that experience, for the dog was dearer to me than any friend; but it was too late then, the lesson was dearly bought. Still it did me good, for ever since I have been more careful.
—Clarence D. Locklin,
Eighth Grade, Rolla, N. D.

A BEAUTIFUL RUIN.

"Oh, that wretched dog! Oh, that wretched dog!" These were the first words that came to my mind as I saw my beautiful doll, Mabel, being carried off by my brother's dog. I was taking care of the baby just then, but forgetting my charge, I ran after the dog and caught him at the gate. But alas, for my beautiful Mabel! She was entirely ruined. I ran to the house to tell Mrs. F., who was staying with us while mother was away. When I reached the door I saw her with the baby on her lap washing his head, and everything in a state of wildest confusion. After all was over and the baby had stopped crying I learned that he had fallen out of the buggy and hit his head on the wheel. But he was not hurt seriously. I received a severe scolding, as I deserved, for my carelessness, and was told that they hoped I would learn to take care of my dolls as well as my baby brother. One careless act led to another that might have proved much worse than the first.
—Alice McGowan,
A Sixth Grade, South Side School, Benson, Minn.

LITTLE MISS SLOWPOKE.

My mama has always talked to me about taking good care of my things and being careful in every respect, but it seems that I can not keep from being careless. I remember once I had to stand the consequences, which I never shall forget, and it gave me a very good lesson. As a rule when I was going some place mama always helped me to get ready, but had told me that I was large enough to wait on myself, to

know where to find my things, and also to keep them in order. It happened one day that some of my friends came and invited me to go to a picnic. I had one hour to get ready, and thinking I had time I was slow and careless about getting ready. Mama never said a word, but the girls called to me to hurry. There was only half an hour left till train time. I said I would be ready, but added, "Mama, I cannot find my new shoes." Mama answered me calmly, "Did you not put them where they belong?" But she did not help me. I looked and looked. I could not find them, so I said the old shoes were good enough. I had hard work to brush my hair, which was all snarled, but managed to get it into shape. I went to get my white dress, which was brought from the laundry the day before, and I was told to hang it up so it would be nice when I wore it. I left it on a chair, but what was worse, I sat on it. The girls went and said I had better come when I was ready. That time I did not go because I was so careless.
—Charlotte Morlien,
Sixth Grade, Barnesville, Minn.

THE RUNAWAY FIRE.

One day last summer all of our family but myself went to a fair held at a neighboring town. I was not feeling well so I did not go with them. After cleaning up the house I prepared a little lunch for myself. Then



"Miriam, come right out of that current! Do you want to catch your death of cold?"
—From Harper's Bazar.

I decided to go down town and see about getting some vegetables. Before I went I looked at the kitchen stove, where a good fire was burning. I thought the stovepipe did not look very safe, but just then a girl friend came rushing in crying, "Oh, hurry up, Kate! the band is playing down town." As we do not hear a band very often, I hastily seized my large straw hat, planted it on my head and set off with my friend. After staying down town about half an hour I went home. When I went into the kitchen such a sight as met my eyes! The pipe had fallen and the ceiling was afire. It was not burning very badly as yet, tho. As I was wondering what to do, papa came, and seeing me in this dire confusion, he placed a step-ladder against the wall and ascended to the ceiling with a pail of water. The fire was soon out and the stovepipe put up, but I had to wash the floor besides receiving a scolding for my carelessness. Ever since that day I have been very careful about leaving a fire in the house when I go out.
—Kate MacLean,
Eighth Grade, Northwood, N. D.

A HALF DAY OF EXERCISE.

One of our horses is an expert at halter-breaking, so we had to make a gate to keep him out of the feed-room, because if he ever went in there he would be sure to help himself to the feed without permission. One night I went to the barn as usual to do my chores. Then I went into the house, forgetting to put the bar back into place. The horse knew the bar was not put in, so he broke his halter, went into the feed-room and ate his fill of oats. The next morning when I opened the door there stood the horse eating oats. He looked as innocent as a baby who had not done any harm. I drove him into his stall and put the bar into its place. I fed the rest of the horses their grain, but not the thief who had stolen his share. After breakfast father said my brother and I should take the horse out for exercise or else he would die. We put a bridle on him and hunted a long whip with which to make him move a little. Jesse and I led him about half a mile north of town and were going to ride him back home, but we had no sooner stopped than he started home like the wind. We had no use for our whip and switches, because we could not keep up with him any how. We kept at this business all forenoon in order to give him enough exercise. I think we had plenty of exercise, too. I do not care to be so careless again for a little while.
—Palmer Nygaard,
Eighth Grade, Halstad, Norman County.

THE WINNING WARRIOR.

When I was careless, ah, me! How very glad I am that it is only an account of one such time that is wanted, for what a volume it would take to record them all. The "one time" was on a cold evening this winter, and the chill winds were howling about the house, whistling weirdly down the chimney and rattling the panes. My sister and I were sitting in cosy idleness before the fire when she suggested that we play some game. The drowsy warmth within was more conducive to pleasant dreaming than to noisy merriment. The dreary winds seemed singing such a lofty air that I would much sooner indulge in my own thoughts than a more or less noisy popular game, so I suggested a quiet game of checkers, hoping to do two things at once. The game progressed well and I was all interest, but sister complained that I was not playing heartily enough. She suggested that the loser pledge herself to keep the winner's drawer of ribbons in order for the next week, hoping to rouse my energy, and indeed, she did. I find it quite hard enough to keep my own finery tidy and had no relish for the added burden of J.'s. I showed my awakened interest by taking a man

from her king row as forfeit for an important move she ought to have made and as a result crowned my own man a king. I was jubilant. The winds howled on, tho, and my thoughts were soon far from the game, transferred to an old German forest where just such winds were raging among the gloomy scenes of an old fable I had just finished reading. I made a careless move and J. avenged herself with my own weapon; she took one of my men (by this time I had none to spare), and crowned her own a king. She conquered all my men with that valiant warrior, and for seven days I kept a vigilant eye on her ribbons—the penalty of half a second's carelessness.
—Loretta Russell,
A Eleventh Grade, 428 Walnut Street, Mankato, Minn.

NOT SO MUCH FUN.

One Sunday last season my brother and I went out hunting with a rifle. We also had a hunting dog. We did not get much game, only one red squirrel. So we thought we would go home. While going toward home my brother saw a rabbit trying to get out of an old stump. He jumped and threw his hands over the stump and cried, "Here is a rabbit." I went to his help, and so we soon had the rabbit out of the stump. I told him that he should hold the rabbit and I would shoot it. I hit the rabbit in the head as he held it by its hind legs. After that we shot another red squirrel. There was none so glad as we. When we came home the family asked us how we shot the rabbit and we told them all about it with joy. My father said that it was very dangerous for us to shoot a rabbit in such a way and that we should be careful. We had thought it fun till we were given a scolding. The meat was fine, but we never shot a rabbit that way again.
—Leon Seeman,
A Fifth Grade, R. F. D. No. 3, Dist. No. 6, Sibley Co., Arlington, Minn.

A BUZZ UP THE CHIMNEY.

Once when I was living on the farm and my parents and my brother were in town, I thought I had a good chance to make a little candy. I put about a cup and a half of molasses into the pan, and then I put in some sugar and a spoonful of butter. Then I ran into the woodshed for an armful of wood to put into the stove. After a while I heard a funny sound in the chimney, and soon the stovepipe was as red as red paint. I ran out and saw a flame buzzing up thru the chimney. I ran into the house after a sack of salt. Luckily the ladder was standing against the side of the house, so I climbed up the ladder and sprinkled the salt around in the chimney. In a little while the fire went out. I looked at my candy, which stood on the stove, and found it was burned to a black crisp. All this trouble happened because of a little carelessness, which sometimes means a great deal.
—Carl Amenrud,
Fifth Grade, Dawson, Minn.

THE ACME OF MORTAL COURAGE

No Man Could Dare More Than Ride Under Fire on Top of the Enemy's Breastworks. Colonel William F. Cody declares that one of the bravest acts he has ever seen was at the battle of New Hope church, Georgia, on May 27, 1864. Major John M. Farquhar was the man whose act Colonel Cody deems worthy to be set down beside any that history has ever recorded. At that time Major Farquhar was provost marshal of the third division of the Fourth Army corps of the Army of the Cumberland. He was detailed by General Thomas J. Wood, commanding the third division, to carry an order to the colonel of the Thirty-second Indiana volunteer infantry. He started to execute the order, but found the way so obstructed by confederate forces that he could not get thru except by making a wide detour. To do this meant defeating the plan of the commanding general. There was little time for him to think. The dispatch was in his hands; he was responsible for its safe delivery. Failure meant defeat. Major Farquhar realized these things as only a soldier can. In front of him stretched the wall of the confederate breastworks. Without an instant's hesitation, and under the fire of ten thousand muskets he used the top for a bridle-path for about a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, until he found a place where he could continue his journey without danger of being again halted or hindered. Mental, moral and physical bravery were required to accomplish what Major Farquhar did. He never lost his mental balance, else he would not have been so quick to think of a way out of the difficulty. The knowledge of the responsibility placed on his shoulders made him morally brave. As for the physical danger, no man could dare more than riding a hundred yards under fire on the top of the enemy's breastworks.—Washington Times.



"Say, my uncle that's visitin' us has got a wooden leg."
"Aw, that's nothin'. When I was down to New York, I saw a man that was all wood, in front of a cigar store."