

SOLDIERS' COURAGE.

Lord Wolsley Discusses the Various Kinds and Their Effectiveness. In his famous *Fortnightly* article on courage, Lord Wolsley discusses a subject which he may reasonably be supposed to understand as well as any man alive; and he does so in a manner that is not only interesting, but amusing and humorous as well. Courage, whether active or passive, may be divided into three kinds—that which arises from pure insensibility to danger; the inability to feel fear, which is characteristic of men like Nelson; that which comes of pure ignorance, such as may often be seen in young soldiers, and was observed among the raw British levies at Quatre Bras; and lastly, that which springs from a sense of duty or a sense of honor over-coming and suppressing the emotion which the individual feels at the proximity of death, and enabling him to face it with as much coolness as one who does not feel it at all. The difference between the two is constitutional, and many would say that the last kind of courage—the courage of the man who knows and apprehends the peril and would shrink from it did not higher motives urge him forward—is in reality the more worthy of respect. But if we can trust Lord Wolsley, it is not this which makes soldiers mount the deadly breach or charge up to a battery of guns with light hearts and desperate determination. It is the fiery and impetuous leader who has never known fear, or the coolly impassive one who moves about among a shower of bullets, regarding them no more than if they were snow-flakes, who excites the enthusiasm of his men. According to Lord Wolsley, these different kinds of courage manifest themselves in different manners, and the soldier knows by instinct which of the two he is in presence of. Between the officer who conquers fear and the officer who has none to conquer he never makes a mistake. He will respect the first; but the second is the one in whose company he will rush on death.

We can easily understand that the courage of a martyr at the stake, or the splendid calmness of the soldiers who went down in their ranks with the burning vessel, would have less effect for active purposes than the example of one who rushes sword in hand on overwhelming numbers, or seems to court death by exposing himself recklessly to fire. This was what Nelson did; and Lord Wolsley gives some interesting examples of this kind of daring from his own observation. He mentions Captain Sir William Peel, of the Royal navy, as a singular example of cool, deliberate intrepidity. During the bombardment of Sebastopol he always walked just behind his battery, where he was more exposed to fire than the men working the guns, and where his presence made it impossible for any of the gunners to flinch. He was always courteous. But under a heavy fire he became more than usually urbane and gentle. This the men always noticed. The hotter the fire, they used to say, the more "polite" he became. As an instance of downright insensibility to danger, Lord Wolsley mentions Sir Gerald Graham, who, when relieved from duty in the trenches, used to walk straight back to camp, exposed to the Russian bullets for many hundred yards, because it was the shortest cut and he was too lazy to go round where he would have been under shelter.—*London Standard.*

ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

An Emperor Who Preferred the Madcap Sister to His Own Daughter. Caroline, the eldest and perhaps the most beautiful of the daughters of the Duke Maximilian in Bavaria, was, while still a child, selected as a fitting bride for the heir to the Austrian crown, and although there was no formal betrothal, her father was informed that she must be educated in such a way as would fit her for future grandeur. This was more easily said than done, for money was scarce in the ducal palace; but the whole family, from the Duke himself to his youngest child, seem to have thrown themselves on amoro into the work, and to have cheerfully economized for the sake of the fortunate Caroline. She had professors and teachers of the best, and she well repaid all the care that was lavished upon her, for at nineteen, clever, accomplished and regally beautiful, she was the very ideal of what a Queen should be. But.

The best-laid plans of mice and men oft gang a-gaie. When the time for the marriage drew near the young Emperor Joseph came on a visit to the Duke in Bavaria (the family title is "in," not "of") the he might make the acquaintance of his future wife. He gazed at the stately young creature who had been so carefully trained for him with respectful admiration, but he fell violently in love with her madcap younger sister, Elizabeth, who, regarded in the family as a mere young child, and one, too, for whom no high destiny was in store, had been allowed to pass her days on horseback scouring the country side. Ministers and courtiers stood aghast, but argument and persuasion were alike wasted on the Emperor, who refused to see the lack of accomplishment, and a blemish in the one whom he loved, and a few months later Elizabeth, though child as she was, knowing no more of the etiquette of courts than the veriest little gamin, entered Vienna in state as Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary.

Although this happened more than thirty years ago she has not yet learned to submit with patience to the restraints that hedge in the lives of sovereigns; and the Viennese, in spite of their love for their beautiful Empress, openly mourn that the Emperor should have chosen one who regards a court ball as a penance. To be crowned through a thing so contrary to her ceremony. From the day of her marriage it seems to have been her constant endeavor to shake off the fetters of her station, and perhaps the happiest hours of her life were those in which, while following the bounds in England or hunting the chamois in her native land, she is able to forget that she is Empress-Queen.

FASHION LETTER.

The Two Extremes of Style, Elegant and Artistic, and Elaborate and Dainty—Handsome Costumes. [Special New York Correspondence.] The latest French costumes and toilettes, both for home wear, visiting and promenade, illustrate the two extremes of style—one severe, elegant and very artistic, the other, elaborate and dressy. Gowns in the first style are largely English. The master-hand is shown in the superb tailor fit and the classic disposal of the softly falling folds that are highly but deftly draped. In the details of the second style of gowns, the rare manipulations of a trained artistic Parisienne are very manifest. There is infinite grace and style in the wonderful arrangement of the draperies and garnitures of each individual gown, and no two toilets are alike. Among the charming dresses are those of silky India cashmere. Some of these are finished in simple tailor-fashion with plain skirts braided at the foot. Above the skirts are long Greek draperies and a glove-fitting bodice, its only ornament a diagonal sash, with a standing collar, each densely and braided. Others have collar and turn-back cuffs of velvet, with vest and epaulets of beads matching the dress in shade. Handsome tailor-made gowns of the same fabric elegantly with velvet, or enriched with striped borders.

BUILDING A CISTERN.

How to Construct One Without the Assistance of a Mason. Dig a hole in the ground the size you want it. If 10 or 12 feet deep it will keep the water cooler and better than if broad and shallow. Make the middle the lowest. Use water lime with, if coarse sand, as 1 to 4 or 5; if fine, it may be 1 to 5 or 6. Coarse and fine sand together make the best mortar with the least lime. Plaster over the cistern on the earth with two or three coats until it is about an inch thick. After this is dry or hard it must have two or three coats of whitewash made of lime mixed with boiling water to the consistency of cream. It may be put on with a whitewash brush or a small broom. If the whitewash or lime be run through a sieve, all the better. After a few years the life gets out of the mortar of any cistern and the water leaks out. It then wants this whitewashing instead of plastering over. If a mason is not employed, take a piece of new sheet iron 4x6 inches, lay it on a stone or iron and hammer it through the middle until it is rounded out to better fit the sides of the cistern. Then nail on a handle. For a hawk, take your one-legged stool with a top a foot square. The top of the cistern may be made of scantling and planks, foot under ground, with a hole in the middle large enough for the pump. Put a box around this that will come as far above the surface as you like, and grade the soil up to it. If the timber is good this top will last eight or ten years. A better one is made of brick by beginning two feet or so, according to its size, below ground. Lay two sticks across the cistern and board it over closely. Round it up with straw, fine sand or sawdust in the shape you desire the arch, setting a barrel where the hole is desired. For a cistern six or eight feet across the arch should rise about a foot from the outside to the center. Lay the first tier of brick in plenty of mortar against the bank about half edge-wise and half flat. Put the next tier against them, breaking joints and letting the ends of the brick touch, but the sides should not come in contact with those on the outside course. Continue this until the center is reached, using no mortar. Mix mortar about one to four and very thin, so that it will run between all the bricks. When all are filled, plaster over with thick mortar all you can afford. The earth may be covered over it soon, as such mortar is all the harder when dried slowly. If the mortar is to be used in a dry place it is better mixed a day or two previously and worked over several times to keep it from setting, after which it will not set quickly, but harder.

To make the chimney, lay the bricks endwise to the hole and level up the outer end with mortar. After a few courses the bricks may be laid the other way and worked into a square chimney as high as desired, with a plank top, having sides to hold it on. The form should be taken out before the chimney is finished. Reach down and pull out the hay and then saw off the cross sticks and let it all fall into the cistern. Plaster the sides well up to the brick, but they need not be plastered. I am using a cistern made in this way thirty years ago, which is now as good as ever. It does not need a mason to do it.—*J. A. Brooks, in Farm and Home.*

Inventor of the Bell Punch.

"The oddest case of an inventor of whom I have a personal knowledge," said George L. Chapin, "came to me in 1868 or 1869 with the model of a bell punch. It was one of the original base patents, and I saw good promise in it for him. I pointed this out to him and advised him strongly to wait for a good offer, but he sold the invention to a company in Buffalo for \$300, whereas French, English and American patents are worth thousands of dollars, and the company at no time would have sold it for less than \$50,000. They made a big fortune out of it. Afterward, when they found that their patent was not quite so valuable as might be, they made him reissue the patent and paid him \$50 for it. Even for this reissue he might have got several thousand dollars, perhaps more. And he did all this against my advice. He was the queerest man I ever knew. He had made a fortune in Canada with wells, but had taken to inventions as a profession, and had spent all his fortune and time at it. He had made more inventions in his life than any man out West, and all of them have been good and serviceable. He was continually in need of money, and when he had perfected an invention he would sell it outright for just enough to meet his immediate needs. But the curious thing about it is that he has never invented any thing worth much since the bell punch. He missed the opportunity of his life then, and is now a mere day laborer right here in Chicago."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Difficult Commission.

Lady—You know, sir, I wish my portrait to be a madam surprise for my husband.

Artist—Yes, madame. I understand.

Lady—And you will try not to have too strong a likeness, as I would not wish him to recognize it at the first glance.—*Life.*

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast will doing.

CLAY PIPE MAKING.

The Process Simple, and One That Could Be Learned by a Child. Nearly all the clay used in the manufacture of clay pipes is obtained at Woodbridge and Amboy, N. J. There are immense beds and mines there, some open and others reached only by deep shafts, and in them clay is mined in the same manner as coal. Three kinds of clay are mixed to give the required properties. One kind which is mined is nearly as black as coal. This has a very fine grain, and gives the pipe the smooth finish. Another kind has an altogether different appearance in the rough state. It is quite white and resembles a piece of cheese. This kind furnishes the tenacity. Without this second kind the other two would not be able to hold together, but would crumble as they dried. The third kind is brown when damp, and stands the burning process well. These three kinds of clay, without any one of which the composition would be incomplete, are the ingredients of a clay pipe. The clay is brought to this city by boats, and stored away in the cellar. In preparing the clay for the workshop it is first put into a huge vat to soak. About equal parts of the three kinds are used. This is allowed to stand from twelve to twenty hours, according to the length of time the clay has been exposed to the air and hardened. When it has been soaked enough it is shoveled into a huge pug-mill. The pug-mill looks like an old-fashioned churn. A horse is hitched to the end of a bar, while the other end is set into a pivot in the center of a huge upright cylinder. To the pivot, which revolves as the horse is driven around in a circle, is attached twelve heavy knives about three inches broad. These knives are slightly turned up, and, as they pass around the pug, they mass, mix the different kinds of clay and force it down and out a four by six-inch hole at the bottom. The clay oozing from the bottom is cut into huge bricks called "habbits," and stored away until wanted.

Great care must be taken not to let these habbits dry too much, or they will have to be soaked and ground over again. These habbits or bricks of the prepared clay, which look like great loaves of bread, are taken to the molding room and there soaked again to bring it back to the proper molding temperature. Then comes the part of the labor that would delight a child. A workman takes a knife and cuts the habbits into pieces about an inch square and six or eight inches long. These he works and rolls them on a board with his hands, and ending up with a dexterous clip, turns out a roll of soft, pliable clay with a knob at one end, like a pipe bowl. These rolls are laid out on a rack and partly dried again. They are again soaked and passed to the molding machines. The molder holds a medium-sized piece of wire in his right hand, and sticking the point into the small end of the roll, he works the clay on the wire, after the manner of drawing on a glove. The roll with the wire still sticking out of the smaller end is put into an iron mold of the required shape and the two sides of the mold snapped together. The mold is then put into the machine with the top of the knob, which will soon be the bowl, up. A lever is pulled down, and the smooth, round end of an iron rod forced into the mass, forming the bowl. As the lever is let go, it flies up of its own weight and a spring knife passes across the large end of the mold, cutting off the waste clay that remains on the top end of the bowl. The mold is opened immediately, the wire drawn out and the pipe finished on a rack to dry. These half-placed pipes are allowed to stand just long enough to dry the oil with which the mold is lubricated, and are then passed to a girl who trims off the stems where the two halves of the mold come together. The soft, damp pipes are then allowed to dry thoroughly.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

MOVING TO MEXICO.

A Satisfactory Solution of the Mormon Question by Our Government. About two years ago a rumor gained circulation that the wealthy leaders of the Mormon church contemplated an establishment of the New Zion in Mexico. Various contradictory statements have been published from time to time, but it is now generally understood in Utah that the Mormons are gradually moving to lands which they have purchased in Mexico. The attempts of the Mormons to keep this movement a profound secret have not been successful, however, and it is now definitely known that they have purchased outright about 4,000,000 acres of land, in the territory of the Zuni Indians, and have secured a government concession for the improvement and working of about 10,000,000 acres of timber and mining land. John W. Young, a son of Brigham Young, and George Q. Cannon, formerly member of Congress from Utah, have conducted the purchases. The removal is operated upon a definite plan. The names of all the male members of the church are thrown in a box and a drawing takes place at the president's house. Every tenth name drawn is marked, and the man is notified that within a certain length of time he must dispose of his property and take his departure for Mexico. If he finds it impossible to sell his property to Gentiles, the Church orders an appraisal, and takes it off his hands, so that there shall be no impediment to his leaving Utah. Many of those designated in this way object to emigration, but the order of the Church is imperative, and they are threatened with eternal damnation unless they obey instructions. The delightful climate, charming scenery, and richness of soil and mineral deposits are the inducements offered to the faithful who obey the Mormon leaders' mandates. We are sorry for Mexico, but it will be a most satisfactory solution of the Mormon question for our Government to have these undesirable occupants of our territory "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away."—*Democrat's Monthly.*

THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

Every life has its purpose for being. That these are not always fulfilled, only argues the blindness and recency of the one who is content to exist, not live in the best sense of the term. Not a plant that springs from the bosom of the earth, but fulfills some part in the design of creation; and since this rule applies to the most insignificant of earth's objects, what reason or sense can man hope to evade the universal responsibility. To merely exist is not to live; it is to caricature and belittle the very name of life. To live is to be a living, active force in the world's destiny, and whether one be a middle or humble factor in what his time accomplishes, or a factor he must be if he would not, it is the very idea of living. All men are not endowed with equal faculties; all can not be flaming lights of honor upon the world's highway; but each can, within the limitations which the Creator has imposed, contribute to the illumining of the road. The tallow dip performs its part as thoroughly as does the light-house; either one could not be substituted for the other, and if the headland beacon attracts more attention than does the feeble taper, it but fills its mission, which the other does equally well. All can not be beacons; all need not be humble tapers; but whether fitted for beacon or taper, there is a part to be performed by each life, and the fact of real living or merely dallying out an existence is determined by the performance. He only lives whose life means something accomplished and something in process of accomplishment. The life of the humblest blade of grass growing upon the hillside is nobler than that of the man whose days have been purposeless.—*Doston Budget.*

PITH AND POINT.

The best mind cure is to make up one's mind to be contented. When marriage is a failure, there is a good deal more wrong with the man or woman, or both, than with marriage.—*Philadelphia Press.* A frog which depends on his brains instead of his legs would stand a night's poor show in a puddle near a school-house.—*Detroit Free Press.* In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, but later on when the youth gets into business for himself, then the word shows up in good shape. The law of successful emigration is: To leave a place where there are too many like yourself, and go to a place where such persons as you are in demand.—*N. Y. Ledger.* Corn is not only king, but it is the fodder of our country. Hence no American's patriotism can be questioned when he shouts: "God save the king!"—*Western Plowman.* It is a greater wrong to be extravagant with strength than to be extravagant with money. It is poor economy to save pennies at the expense of a great deal of strength and time. Spend all in moderation, but hold time and strength to be more valuable than money.—*The finer the nature the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldom seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitter blight.—Ruskin.* When a man's finger is not like those of other people he knows to feel dissatisfied; but, if his mind is not like that of other people, he does not know to feel dissatisfied. This is called ignorance of the relative importance of things.—*Hindu.* Thinking and talking are two entirely different matters. They are not always in close connection to one another, although they are generally supposed to belong together. One man thinks without talking. More men talk without thinking. Now and then, rarely, however—a man both thinks and talks. My boy, do you recollect the homemade shirt that your dear old mother made for you long ago with her own hands? Do you recollect the handful of shirt-bosom that you could pick up and duck your chin into, where the throat ought to be? Then don't sit down and grumble about Fate, because the world's affairs don't fit you, as if they were made to measure. If you grow too big for your garment, you may split it and have none.—*Pack.*

QUEER DETECTIVE WORK.

Two Interesting People in an English Railway Compartment. A lady and gentleman were traveling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes. I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel." "Certainly, sir," she replied with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is complete, and you may resume your seat." When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a heavy veil over her face. "Now, sir or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel." "Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied. "Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise, on resuming his seat the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said: "It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank." "And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J—, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you. Now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."—*Liverpool Post.*

THE WORD "CIGAR."

A Comparatively Unknown Account of Its Probable Origin. The origin of the word cigar is of some interest, and is not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries. The word, of course, is Spanish, and Litre, in his French dictionary, says that it is derived from cigarra, the Spanish name for grasshopper. When the Spaniards first introduced tobacco into Spain from the island of Cuba, in the sixteenth century, they cultivated the plant in their gardens, which in Spanish are called cigarales. Each grew his tobacco in his cigaral, and rolled it up for smoking, as he had learned from the Indians in the West Indies. When one offered a smoke to a friend, he could say, "Es de mi cigaral"—It is from my garden. Soon the expression came to be, "Este cigarro de mi cigaral"—This cigar is from my garden. And to have in all things so truly and so nobly that those who know him best and love him dearest can proudly and gladly say of him: "He is the Soul of Honor."—*Eleanor A. Hunter, in Christian at Work.*

"ME AND DOTTY."

Dick and Dotty were at play in the backyard, while their father, whoeled wood in the larder, and piled it up. He had wheeled in nearly all of it, when he was called away, but before starting, he spoke to the children: "I feel anxious to have the rest of this wood in, for it looks like rain; but I can not stop to get it in. There is so little of it, you might carry it in your arms." The children went to work, and their

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Oh, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows, Of ten little fingers and ten little toes, Of two pretty eyes and one little nose, And where they all went one day. Oh, the little round nose smelled something sweet, So sweet it must surely be nice to eat. And pastor away climbed up two little feet Out of the room one day. Ten little toes climbed up on a chair, Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair, Made by mamma that day. The mouth grew round and the eyes grew big At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig; And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig, Into the cake that day. And when mamma kissed a curly head, Cuddling it only up in bed; "I wonder, was there a mouse?" she said, "Out on the shelf to-day!" "Oh, mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee Like fairy bells rang merrily— "But the little bit of a mouse was me, Out on the shelf to-day."—*Kate M. Clery, in St. Nicholas.*

THE SOUL OF HONOR.

A Reputation Worth Striving for and Built Up of Little Things. There is a certain quality of the moral nature which is called honor. The dictionary defines it as "true nobleness of mind, springing from probity, principle, or moral rectitude," and calls it "a distinguishing characteristic of good men." Such a quality will bear thinking about a little. The other day a certain wealthy gentleman, speaking of a young man in his employ said: "I would trust him with every dollar I possess. He is the soul of honor." These are not idle words, for I knew he was in the habit of confiding to that young man large business interests which involved a great deal of capital, I know, too, that he had no security for his money, for, as he said, he simply "trusted him." "Once in a large boys' school a disturbance occurred which involved nearly a whole class. The master sent for the principal of the school. He entered the room and listened to the teacher's account of the trouble; then, glancing around at the pupils he said: "I should like to know exactly how this happened, so I will ask Fred B. to tell me." Fred stood up and related the occurrence from beginning to end, clearly and fairly, naming no names, but taking his share of the blame and then sat down. "Now," said the principal, "I should like the other boys who have been implicated in this trouble to follow Fred's example, and acknowledge it as he has done." And the other lads arose and owned up also. Afterwards in speaking of the affair the principal said: "I knew I could rely upon Fred to tell me the exact truth without fear or favor, for though he may be led astray in a moment of excitement, he is always willing to acknowledge when he has done wrong. There is nothing underhanded or mean about him. I have tried him and tested him often, and he is regarded by both his classmates and teachers as the soul of honor." It is somewhat rare, and it certainly is a very beautiful thing to have a reputation such as these young men possessed, and it is something worth striving one's whole life long to win; and yet such a character is built of very little things. Many people who would indignantly deny that they ever told a falsehood, nevertheless seem quite incapable of relating a thing exactly as it occurred. They will either enlarge or detract, or vary the statement in some way, so that their words are not reliable. And many a lad in business who would not take a dollar from his firm unlawfully, will yet take that firm's stamps and letter-paper for his private correspondence. The firm will never feel it, it is true, but that lad's character will feel it, and the boy who habitually does such things will in the end find his conscience so blunted that dishonesty will come easy to him, and he will not be able to withstand some sudden, sharp temptation, or have the statement in some way, so that their words are not reliable. And many a lad in business who would not take a dollar from his firm unlawfully, will yet take that firm's stamps and letter-paper for his private correspondence. The firm will never feel it, it is true, but that lad's character will feel it, and the boy who habitually does such things will in the end find his conscience so blunted that dishonesty will come easy to him, and he will not be able to withstand some sudden, sharp temptation, or have the statement in some way, so that their words are not reliable.

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A Comparatively Unknown Account of Its Probable Origin. The origin of the word cigar is of some interest, and is not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries. The word, of course, is Spanish, and Litre, in his French dictionary, says that it is derived from cigarra, the Spanish name for grasshopper. When the Spaniards first introduced tobacco into Spain from the island of Cuba, in the sixteenth century, they cultivated the plant in their gardens, which in Spanish are called cigarales. Each grew his tobacco in his cigaral, and rolled it up for smoking, as he had learned from the Indians in the West Indies. When one offered a smoke to a friend, he could say, "Es de mi cigaral"—It is from my garden. Soon the expression came to be, "Este cigarro de mi cigaral"—This cigar is from my garden. And to have in all things so truly and so nobly that those who know him best and love him dearest can proudly and gladly say of him: "He is the Soul of Honor."—*Eleanor A. Hunter, in Christian at Work.*

"ME AND DOTTY."

Dick and Dotty were at play in the backyard, while their father, whoeled wood in the larder, and piled it up. He had wheeled in nearly all of it, when he was called away, but before starting, he spoke to the children: "I feel anxious to have the rest of this wood in, for it looks like rain; but I can not stop to get it in. There is so little of it, you might carry it in your arms." The children went to work, and their

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Oh, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows, Of ten little fingers and ten little toes, Of two pretty eyes and one little nose, And where they all went one day. Oh, the little round nose smelled something sweet, So sweet it must surely be nice to eat. And pastor away climbed up two little feet Out of the room one day. Ten little toes climbed up on a chair, Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair, Made by mamma that day. The mouth grew round and the eyes grew big At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig; And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig, Into the cake that day. And when mamma kissed a curly head, Cuddling it only up in bed; "I wonder, was there a mouse?" she said, "Out on the shelf to-day!" "Oh, mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee Like fairy bells rang merrily— "But the little bit of a mouse was me, Out on the shelf to-day."—*Kate M. Clery, in St. Nicholas.*

THE SOUL OF HONOR.

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