

# Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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## A YOUNG MAN SAVED.

What Started Julius May on a Successful Career.

Julius May was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one—when he was only a few years old. He had a father who was a lawyer and a mother who was a lawyer's wife. He was a bright boy and he was a good boy. He was a lawyer's son and he was a lawyer's wife's son. He was a lawyer's son and he was a lawyer's wife's son. He was a lawyer's son and he was a lawyer's wife's son.

Music and the drama libraries found in Russia, instead of calf, fine ladies and fancy balls, London tailors and Fifth Avenue boarding-houses—these, and many other splendid things, had become very agreeable to the newly-fledged exquisite. But his little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and his little salary was so extremely small that it was scarcely worth counting as a means toward these desired results.

What must he do? He had asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got any answer—"Marry!"

After a careful and honest review, he was compelled to admit that among all the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were likely to be crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora St. Clair.

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the most agreeable thing to say.

Nora was a close friend of Bessie's, but in all respects a contrast. She was no tenderly nurtured heiress, but a poor, brave girl, who had by the force of intellect, study and hard work gained an enviable position in the literary world. Her income from her writings was very handsome; she visited in the most aristocratic circles; she was charming in person and manners, and dressed like the rest of the fashionable world. But then Julius felt that in every sense she would not only be the "better half," but probably the four-fourths of the house; and that his personality would sink simply into "Mrs. May's heels."

No Bessie won the decision, and he determined, if his new suit came home the next day, to offer Miss Bell the handsome person which it adorned. For, to tell the truth, he was a handsome fellow; and if this work-a-day world had only been a great drawing-room, with theatrical alcoves and musical conservatories, why, then Mr. Julius May would have been no undesirable companion through it.

The new suit came home, and fitted perfectly; the tonsorial department was equally effective in results; every precaution had been taken, and he felt an earnest of success in the very prosperity of these preliminaries. He rang at Mrs. Bell's door; before the footman could open it, a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage, and, in a voice of authority, ordered the coachman to drive to the wharf.

The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie watching the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes. She glided into her usual beaming, pretty manner; and very soon Mrs. Bell came in, and asked him to remain to dinner.

After dinner Mrs. Bell's clergyman called about some of the church's charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them. Now was the golden moment, and Julius was not afraid to seize it. What do men say on such occasions?

Do they ever say what they intended? Do they remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did; for before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence—Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop! Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Prof. Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal party—he is just gone to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying for; why, all our set know about it, though he has been away for nearly two years in the Rocky mountains and California. Mama said we were to wait until I was twenty-one, and I love him just the same—and I am quite sure that I never did anything to make you think I could care for you in this way, Mr. May," and Bessie looked just a little bit indignant.

"I have had the honor, Miss Bell, of being your escort all winter."

"Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for that? In all our pleasant little dinners and drives and dances, is there matrimonial speculation? That would, indeed, be dreadful."

She loved her professor too truly; she had been simply pleasant and friendly to him as he had been to all other gentleman friends, who, however, had had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty little aviary and began cooing to her birds. Julius hardly remembered what passed afterward, except that he received a cool, courteous: "Good night, sir," in answer to his "Farewell," and that he found himself walking round Madison square in a very unenviable state of mind.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora; he must see her to-night; tomorrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct; and then—well, he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's liking for him. "And yet," he murmured, "women are such uncertain creatures." Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and resolution of character; and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell he

## MICE IN THE PIANO.

How Costly Musical Instruments May Be Greatly Damaged by Rodents.

A mouse and a piano are seemingly of no associated interest, yet they are often given joint consideration. This little rodent can in a few moments do a large amount of damage to the musical instrument. He sometimes finds his way into a piano, and then goes into the action and the hammers. The intricate and complicated action impels his progress and he gnaws through it. The little straps and felt hammers are chewed into bits. The reason is obvious. They make soft and downy nests. A piano used frequently is not so quiet as one standing in a corner of the parlor, its use being merely that of an ornament, is a retreat never overlooked by mistress mouse if she happens to pass by. No sign "For Rent" is needed. It is dry, quiet and roomy, and the material for a nest is near at hand. The first intimations of the little rodent's presence are the numerous little squeaks emanating from the parlor. The entire household turns out on a crusade, courageous Bridget taking the lead, and the commanding housewife constituting the rear guard. Every corner is searched, furniture moved, and things turned upside down. No mouse. The piano is overlooked, and in convention it is decided that the disturbing element is under the floor and the search is given up. Some observing member of the household finally discovers the home of this terror of housekeepers, and many are the expressions of astonishment as to how it reached its new home, for the piano is approached by a tightly-closed instrument, front, back, top and bottom. The little beast crawls in under the pedals. There is an opening below each to allow room for play. Naturally, when not pressed down by the foot, it rests against the top of the opening, leaving the vacant space below through which the mouse crawls. The majority of pianos have no covering for this opening, which seems of no consequence, while others have blocks of felt, but sharp little teeth soon remove this obstacle. Not only will a mouse damage a piano, but he is apt to get in and find that he can not get out. He dies in there, and the result is an unpleasant and sickening odor in the parlor. When first noticed it is accredited to the account of sewer gas.

A gentleman in this city recently had an unpleasant experience with a mouse. It had found its way into the piano, and in its ramble of investigation got under the keys. One day the atmosphere of the parlor seemed rather close and a slightly disagreeable odor, which the opening of windows would not dispel. It rapidly became worse, and the family was compelled to shut up the room. It was finally traced as they thought to the piano. The front was accordingly taken out and a close investigation made, but nothing was visible. The action, however, showed evidences of having been gnawed by a mouse, and a piano-repairer sent for. He took out the key-board, and underneath was the fast-decaying remains of the fated mouse. It is supposed that some member of the family struck a note or two on the piano while the mouse was under there, and it was crushed or disabled, so that it could not get out.—Kansas City Star.

Wheat Crisps.

Sift a quart of graham flour into a bowl. Make a hole in the center and stir into it gradually two-thirds of a pint of ice-cold water—that is, stopping to make a bit of dough with each teaspoonful of water before more is added. After the water is all added in this way, mix very thoroughly, or beat with a mallet to incorporate more flour and air. To do this, beat into a thin sheet; sprinkle on more flour; double over half, and pound quickly around the edges to keep in as much air as possible. Repeat the process, and keep up the beating for at least three-quarters of an hour. Then roll as thin as the blade of a knife, and bake quickly in a hot oven. Turn carefully, and brown upon both sides. It will be found nice and crisp and quite tender. These are very nice for people who are either dyspeptic or diabetic.—Good House.

Size of the Pin-ushion.

The pin-ushion is no longer the piece of resistance of the toilet table. From behemoth size it has gradually dwindled down to a mere dainty accessory, sufficient indeed for all practical purposes, but no longer forcing itself on the attention. Sometimes the cushion is pendant and hangs on the wall beside the toilet table. In this case it is in the shape of a succession of small rollings in graded sizes, made of plush and separated by ribbons. Then there are the floral pin-ushions, sunflowers, roses or water-lilies. Cabbages, beets and other vegetable designs are carried out in a realistic spirit, but are hardly in as good taste. Fanciful cushions of plush and satin are also made in shape of banjos, fiddles or flutes, which may hang on a wall or rest on a toilet table.—N. Y. Tribune.

Color Combination.

A pretty novelty in color combination is crocus yellow and pearl gray. A fetching house-gown showing this combination is of gray India cashmere and crocus-yellow crepon. The body of this gown is of gray cashmere, the lower half, which is like a deep close cuff, is of the gray crepon. The back of the gown is in princess style and the full front, shirred at intervals from throat to hem, is of the yellow crepon. The foot of the skirt is finished with a full ruche of the gray fabric lined with crocus-yellow sateen.—Chicago Post.

Money Ahead.

Farmer's Wife—Why in the world did you buy such a lot of broke-down old cows?

Farmer—Them city folks nex' door is gettin' up an archery club.—Judge.

Perfectly Satisfied.

"So your husband is dead. What did he leave you?"

"I haven't inquired. I am perfectly satisfied so long as he has left me."—Life.

## MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

Colloquy Between a Native African and a Big, Strong European.

A large, strong man dressed in a uniform, and armed to the teeth, knocks at the door of a hut on the coast of Africa.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asks a voice from the inside.

"In the name of civilization open your door, or I'll break it down for you and fill you full of lead."

"But what do you want here?"

"My name is Christian Civilization. Don't talk like a fool, you black brute. What do you suppose I want here but to civilize you, and make a reasonable human being out of you if it is possible."

"What are you going to do?"

"In the first place, you must dress yourself like a white man. It's a shame and a disgrace the way you go about. From now on you must wear underclothing, a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat and a pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at a reasonable price."

"What shall I do with them?"

"Wear them, of course. You didn't expect to eat them, did you? The first step of civilization is to wear proper clothes."

"But it is too hot to wear such garments. I'm not used to them. I'll perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?"

"Well, if you die you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilization."

"You are very kind."

"Don't mention it. What do you do for a living anyhow?"

"When I am hungry I eat a banana. I eat, drink or sleep just as feel like it."

"What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you don't I'll have to look you up as a vagrant."

"If I've got to follow up some occupation, I think I'll start a coffee-house. I've got a good deal of coffee and sugar on hand."

"Oh, you have, have you? Why, you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place, you want to pay me fifty dollars."

"What for?"

"An occupation tax, you innocent heathen. Do you expect to get all the blessings of civilization for nothing?"

"But I haven't got any money."

"That makes no difference. I'll take it out in sugar and coffee. If you don't pay I'll put you in jail."

"What is a jail?"

"Jail is a progressive word. You must be prepared to make sacrifices for civilization, you know."

"What a great thing civilization is!"

"You can not possibly realize the benefits, but you will before I get through with you."

The unfortunate native took to the woods and has not been seen since.—From the German.

A TELL-TALE SIGN.

How He Knew That They Had Just Been Scene: A railroad train.

A man in a certain set is deeply absorbed in a newspaper. Although the train stops at a station he does not look up or cast a glance through the window. But he has that queer self-consciousness of what is going on about him that people sometimes have in the midst of the most serious reading. He was half-conscious of a great shout and much laughter outside on the platform. The laughter was largely feminine, and the melodious din was punctuated by a series of slight reports that a person who gave fall instead of half his attention might have recognized as kisses. Then the man dimly felt rather than saw the seat in front of him receive two occupants, and recalled afterward an impression of the two occupants having shouted and laughed a good deal through their window.

Then the train started. As it moved away the man with the newspaper finished the interesting thing he was reading and looked up reflectively. He saw in front of him a young man and a young woman, still without associating anything with them. He was thinking of what he had read.

The young man wore a light derby hat. He pushed it on the back of his head to mop his heated forehead. As he did so there was a little patten on the newspaper that lay in the lap of the man who was ruminating. The man who was ruminating looked down and saw that this patten had been caused by some tiny grains of rice. This discovery broke the chain of his reverie. He looked up again with a highly interested expression. He saw the young man half turn his head as if he had heard the patten on the paper. The glance was very pretty. She exchanged the me with the young man that made the middle-aged observer have a warm feeling under the left-hand upper side of his vest front. Then she leaned over and whispered to the young man:

"I've got some of that down my back."—N. Y. Recorder.

What She Had Heard.

"Money talks," said a Cleveland millionaire, with more dollars than depth, to a pretty and smart Cass avenue girl.

"Yes?" she responded with a cute little interrogation point humping itself up under her eyebrows. "I have heard that the shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb."

Then he began to feel uncomfortable and it wasn't long after that until he was on his way to catch a night boat southward bound.—Detroit Free Press.

An Oversight.

Travers—You have actually sent a bill with my clothes! What insult! What infamy!

Tailor—It was all our new book-keeper's fault, sir. He got you mixed up with those people who pay!—Saturday Evening Herald.

Family Objections Respected.

Old Friend—Why didn't you marry Mr. Niceloff?

Sweet Girl—His father objected.

Old Friend—I shouldn't have cared for that.

Sweet Girl—Yes, but he said he would cut him off with a shilling.—Good News.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

Dr. Cross, of the Free Church of Scotland Missions on Lake Nyassa, Africa, has upon the roll of his school the names of 200 children rescued from slavery.

The English Baptist Congo Mission last year had twenty-eight missionaries, and for outfits, transports, buildings, taxes, boat expenses and salaries, the expenditure was \$73,000.

—Bishop Doane, of Albany, who has been traveling in England, has been given the degrees of LL.D. and D.D. by the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.—Harper's Weekly.

There is some talk of providing Oxford with a complete medical faculty, so that students will find satisfactory theoretical education without going to London. There is, however, marked opposition by many influential persons to that project.—Review Scientific.

The Presbyterians of the north, in the United States, raised last year, for foreign missions, \$942,600.64. The Presbyterians of the south raised \$112,751.49. The Presbyterian churches of the country have, therefore, reached over the "million line" in the work of foreign missions.—Presbyterian Observer.

The well-known Florence Night mission, of New York city, has its counterpart in San Jose, Cal., established by the same man who has done so much for the degraded here. For two years Mr. Crittenton has been at work in San Jose, and great success has attended his efforts. Over four hundred conversions have been made in this mission and its nightly meetings are overflowing.

The New York Presbytery reports statistics for the year ending April 1, 1891, as follows: Elders, 514; deacons, 206; added on examination, 1,401; on certificate, 1,019; total of communicants, 24,677; baptisms, adults, 219; infants, 1,233; Sabbath-school membership, 23,145; contributions, home missions, \$12,552; foreign missions, \$70,250; education, \$8,920; Sabbath-school work, \$19,912; church erection, \$16,526; relief fund, \$11,284; freedmen, \$6,219.

A marrying craze has spread among the school teachers of Detroit. According to the Sun, 200 of them—about half the entire staff—are to be wedded during the summer. The Sun adds that the authorities anticipate trouble in filling all the vacancies, and therefore an effort will be made to induce some of the retiring schoolma'ams to remain for a while after their marriage. In Boston, when a woman teacher marries, no matter how competent she may be, the school committee dispenses with her services.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearce, of London, tells of one of his deaconesses who went to a mother of a child of the slums and offered to take her for a walk in the park. The little one had never seen a tree even. When she saw the fountain in the park she asked: "Is this the sea?"

"No; that is not the sea." "Is the sea larger than that?" "Yes." "Could I walk round it?" "No." "Then it must be as large as our square." And, as she brought the little one back, a man who lived in the top story of the same house said to her: "I am an atheist by right, you know, but I can not help saying to you, God bless you."

WIT AND WISDOM.

—We may give advice, but we can not give conduct.—Franklin.

—About the easiest thing that people can do is to make themselves disagreeable.—Ran's Horn.

—The older a man grows the wiser he usually becomes, unless he happens to marry a young wife.—N. Y. Recorder.

—To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience provided he has a very large heart.—Bulver Lytton.

—Men will rush to raise the car window for a lady, but when asked to hold her baby the rush dwindles to a very faint rattle.—N. Y. Journal.

—The new kind of tableware is called "The Record." The new servant girl will probably break it at the first opportunity.—Yonkers Statesman.

—In these days "cupid" dresses in negligé attire and swings in a hammock. He looks like an idler, but he is as busy as a humming-bird in a rose-garden.—Baltimore Herald.

—Son of Herod—"You're not dancing, Mr. Lambert. Don't you wish to?" Mr. Lambert (who is not so slim as he used to be)—"Certainly—if you can find me a concave partner."

—It is so perplexing to be told that a married man has been released from his sufferings at last—you can not tell whether it is the man himself who has died, or his wife.—Fremdenblatt.

—She—I notice that you are always glancing at the clock. He—Good gracious! You don't suspect for a moment that I am weary of your company? She—No, but I suspect you have pawned your watch.—Humorist.

—Is there any greater trial in life than to be compelled to associate with people who can see no point in your jokes, and who gave you a look of vague and imbecile disappointment when you have told your latest and best?—Louisville Western Recorder.

—A Bidding Genius—"He's not a bright boy at books," remarked the teacher to the lad's mother, "but in one respect he has a talent without equal among all my scholars. 'And that is?' asked the expectant parent. "His remarkable capacity for doing nothing."—Philadelphia Times.

—Ignorance is not an entity to fight against, but a want to be supplied, a vacuum to be filled. Let us hasten to supply it in whatever way our means permit. To diffuse knowledge is better than to attack error, and one truth disseminated is more effective than a hundred blows at false conclusions.

—Five o'clock in the morning. The end of a charity ball. A beggar stands on the steps asking-alms. A lady, enveloped in a white satin mantle, comes out and makes hastily for her carriage. "Please to assist a poor creature; I've nothing to eat!"—"Impossible! I've been dancing for you the whole night!"—Figaro.

## OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE BOY AND THE HEN.

A lad I knew—now this is true,  
So listen, little boy—  
Once had a hen of black and white,  
He loved her—watched from morn till night,  
But had one pain with his delight,  
One drawback to his joy.

His pride was such he wanted much  
Some little chicks to get;  
Every cooing, pleading word  
Was wasted on this stolid bird,  
She seemed to think the thing absurd,  
And plainly would not set.

He fastened then his wayward hen  
Beneath an empty keg;  
He tied her on the nest; but still  
Her protest sounded, sharp and shrill;  
He could not force the biddy's will,  
Nor make her hatch an egg.

Resolved—he came, with cheeks aflame,  
And from the closet shelf  
His trousers bringing: "Mamma," he begs,  
"Please sew some feathers on my legs;  
I'm going to set on Speckle's eggs,  
And hatch them out myself!"

—Eva Lovett Carson, in Our Little Ones.

GRANDMA'S TURKEY RAISING.

She Counted Them Before They Were Hatched, and Then Was Disappointed.

"Oh! grandma, I am going to have such a nice lot of chickens to sell next fall," said Emily Howe, a pretty black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of fifteen, who lived on a farm a few miles from the town of Waterville, in Maine.

Grandma Howe looked up from her knitting, and said: "Seems to me, Emily, it's early to count your chickens; you haven't got a hen settin' yet, hev you?"

"Yes, I have just put thirteen eggs under old Top-knot and mother says I may have all the chickens she hatches for my own. I shall take good care of them, and about Thanksgiving time, when they will be nice and fat, cut off their heads, carry them to Waterville, sell them to Mr. Jones, that's where father sells chickens, take the money and buy me a red cashmere dress."

"Well, Emily, you hev got your plans made a good ways ahead, but I wouldn't calculate too much on the chickens till they are hatched; they may turn out the same way my turkeys did once."

"How was that, grandma? Please tell me all about it while I am resting. I walked away over to Mr. Porter's to get the eggs to put under old Top-knot."

"Did you, dear? Well, I will tell you about my old white turkey.

"When I was married we went to live on the Spring farm, about twenty miles from my father's. 'Long in April, in sagaring time, the year after I was married, I told your grandpa I wanted to go over to father's to get some new sugar—we didn't hev any sugar-places on our farm—and see if mother couldn't let me hev some turkey eggs to set under one of my hens. Mother was a good hand to raise turkeys; some falls she would hev thirty to set, and I wanted to try my luck at turkey-raising."

"Your grandpa said we would go the next Saturday and stay over Sunday. That he would get Mr. Baker, he lived near by, to see to the chores.

"So we went. I remember what a nice sleigh-ride we had, the snow had gone away considerable, but we started early in the mornin' before it begun to thaw, and Tib, that was the colt's name, went like a bird. O, dear me, it was fifty years ago, but I remember just as well how pretty the snow and ice looked sparklin' in the sunshine. We got over home before noon, and father was goin' to sugar-off that afternoon, so we all went to the sugar-places; there was quite a number of the neighbors there, and we had a fine time.

"I told mother I wanted to get a settin' of turkeys' eggs. She said I was welcome to 'em, but like enough they would get broken goin' home, and I better take the old white turkey, that she always hatched out a good brood, but she generally stole her nest, and it was considerable trouble to look after her, but I was welcome to her.

"I told mother I knew I could find her nest, and if she would let me hev the turkey I would bring her two of my yaller-legged pullets when I came over again.

"Your grandpa fixed a box and put the old turkey in it, and we brought her home. She seemed as contented as could be, and in a few days, when the snow was gone, she would wander off into the fields and pastures, but always came to the barn at night. I thought it was time she was laying and hunted in the barn and shed for her nest. After awhile she left off comin' home nights, and then I knew she was settin' somewhere and I thought it was in the pasture back of the house, as she always came from that way when I called the hens to be fed, and as soon as she was done eatin' she would go back that way. I followed her ever so many times, but just as soon as she noticed me she would start up and fly and get out of sight behind the bushes and trees in no time. I hunted the pasture all over for that old turkey's nest. I knew if I didn't find the nest before she hatched, the little ones would half of them die before she got them home; little turkeys are very tender things. I noticed she always went in one direction, down toward the brook, that was at the farther side of the pasture.

"One day when she came to be fed, I threw some corn on the ground, scatterin' it about, so it would take her some time to pick it up.

"Then I started for the pasture, and went along in the direction I had seen her go for some distance, then hid behind a stump. Soon I saw the turkey comin' and she had passed me and was almost out of sight. I stepped carefully along, keeping behind bushes and stumps, so she would not see me if she looked back. I followed along in that way as much as a quarter of a mile and began to think she hadn't any nest, she was just wanderin', turkeys are such creatures to wander you know, but along up by the brook she stopped by a stump, where some bushes were growin' round it, looked round and then crept under the bushes. I knew her nest was there, and sure enough it was, with fifteen great speckled eggs in it. She came right off the nest when she saw me, so I had a chance to count 'em.

"Oh! grandma, wasn't you pleased?"

"Oh! grand I was, and I couldn't help laughin' to see what a cute place she had found for her nest. The stump was hollow on one side at the bottom, projectin' out above, like a little piazza, so she had a nice shelter from the sun and rain. I had on a blue calico apron. I tore a piece off across the bottom, and tied it on to a bush, for I was afraid I couldn't find the nest again, and I knew I had got to look out for the little turkeys. I calculated she'd been settin' about a week. After that I used to walk up that way quite often. Sometimes I would take my knittin' and sit down under a great maple-tree, there was near by the place where the nest was. It was the last of May and every-thing was lookin' so fresh and green. The blue violets were all in blossom along the side of the brook, and the elderflower and raspberry bushes just comin' into bloom.

"The old turkey didn't seem to mind me; she would set there lookin' round, as if she was enjoyin' the pretty spring weather as well as I.

"Well, I laid more plans what I should do with my turkey money than you hev about your chickens. I thought I should save one for 'Thanksgivin'' and sell the rest; sometimes I decided I would get me a set of blue-flowered dishes, like Mrs. Hanson's—she was one of our neighbors—they were forehanded folks, and Mrs. Hanson had nice things; then again I would think I would buy a green bombazine gown and a leghorn bonnet, but I about settled on the dishes, and planned just what I should hev for supper, after I got 'em, and had Mrs. Hanson and the minister's folks, and Deacon Twombly and his wife come to spend the afternoon.

"One mornin' I took a basket and started for the pasture, thinkin' I would pick some cowslips for a mess of greens, and see how the old turkey was. I calculated it was about time for her to hatch.

"When I came in sight of the stump I could see something white lyin' round on the grass, and thought she had hatched, but when I got to the stump a heap of white feathers and a lot of eggshells was all there was left of my old white turkey and her eggs."

"O! grandma, wasn't it too bad? What did you think killed the poor turkey?"

"Your grandpa said it was a fox—I just sat down there and cried, it was such a disappointment when I had been plannin' so on those turkeys, but it was a good lesson to me, for after that when I hev been plannin' ahead and lookin' forward to things I've thought of my old white turkey, and remembered that things are very uncertain, and I advise you, Emily, not to calculate too much on that red dress. You may be disappointed about it, and I advise about my blue-flowered dishes."—Portland Transcript.

## FLOSSY IN THE COUNTRY.

How a Little City Girl Enjoyed a Summer on a Farm.

Flossy put on her big shade hat, tucked an old atlas under her arm, and went skipping out behind the summer-house where she kept school with half a dozen sunflowers for pupils.

Now, darlings, she said, demurely, seating herself on an old footstool she had hugged from the garret, and opening her books with a business-like air, "hold up your heads and lookin' expectantly towards the currant bushes from whence the sounds came. Presently there appeared a large, motherly brahma with feathers considerably crumpled, upon seeing the little school-ma'am, stopped suddenly on one foot, and gave a warning "chir-r-r-r," peering meanwhile at Flossy with first one bright eye then the other.

"O mamma, auntie, come quick! There's a lot of yellow pompons out in the yard; they have got legs, and are running after an old hen."

"Bless the child! Have you never seen chickens before?" laughed auntie, getting a piece of bread and following her excited little niece out of doors.

"Will they be big hens some time, auntie?" asked Flossy, watching them tumble over each other in their eagerness for the crumbs. Occasionally old biddy impatiently scratched in the grass for more, kicking her small family in all directions when they got in under her feet.

"But, auntie, they haven't got tails, and after a moment's pause, "and there isn't any place for one."

"The missing tails in their proper places in full and regular standing," laughed auntie as she returned to the house and her sewing.

Sunflower school closed for a long vacation. Almost any hour in the day Flossy would be seen with a basin of wet meal and a spoon wading about the yard with the eager and expectant chicks behind her.

"It's well she gives them plenty of exercise," said her mother, smiling, "so much feeding might result in indigestion or the gout."

Before Flossy had returned to her city home, the tails had all sprouted in fine style.—Caroline Mosher, in The Advance.

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THE BOY AND THE HEN.

GRANDMA'S TURKEY RAISING.

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