

FOLDED HANDS.

Poor, tired hands, that toiled so hard for me! At rest before me now I see them lying; They toiled so hard and yet we did not see That she was dying.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

Mother sent 'em for me to play with, and you've no right to keep 'em," said the small boy, with determination in his eyes. "It is not good for little boys to get their own way at all times. When you're a good boy you shall have them," said Miss Deborah.

resident magistrate's only child do not make over abundantly for self-control, unselfishness and the gentler virtues. No matter how beneficial the motherly influence, it is apt to be diluted by the indulgence of overfond aunts and the obsequious compliance of native servants.

them, and the united efforts of the three at last forced Master David's wedges from their places, and the door began to yield. Further application of energy crumpled up a chair which had been ingeniously fitted into the space between the door and the foot of the little bed, whose head was jammed against the wall.

"You've no reason to blame yourself, Miss Deborah," he said more than once. "You did what you believed right and what I have no doubt was right. He did the rest himself. It's a great, big spirit for such a small boy. But we'll pull him through all right, and he'll live to be as big a man as his father."

light on the extraordinary affair, except to say that it was not five minutes after the women had left the department with their bundles of valuable Government documents before he had detailed two postoffice inspectors to go to the house of Mr. Tyner and demand the return of the spoil.

resignation was with the strict understanding, as specially stated in the letter of acceptance, that he would not attempt to administer the duties of his office. It is fully realized by the postmaster general that the case presents a delicate situation and for that reason he declined to enter into a discussion of the facts.