

"It Don't Hurt Much."

What, ho! little fellow upon my knee, Telling your story of trouble to me— A finger swollen, a cut and a bruise, You wonder what mother will say to your woes

FOR MERIT.

An' hoo are ye gettin' on at the schule, ma mannie? exclaimed Mr. Purdie of his grandson who, after several invitations, had condescended to sit on the old man's knee.

"Deed, ye had me there!" John admitted good-humoredly. "But ye mangle mind it's Macgregor's first year at the schule, an'—"

"Just that, just that," put in Mr. Purdie. "An' I'm thinkin' the medal's no a bad notion either. Noo, Macgregor," he continued impressively, "wud ye no like to get the medal to please yer Maw? Eh?"

Lizzie compressed her lips and shook out her towel with unnecessary violence. John was discreet for once, and hid his satisfaction behind his evening paper.

The winner of the medal for the next day was Johnny Knox, who was quite accustomed to the honor: it was his three days, at least, out of every five.

"Here, Johnny, I want to speak to ye," said Macgregor, when school was over. Johnny's small pale face beamed.

"Fine ham!" said Johnny in a tone that made Macgregor clench his fist. "As shair's death!" he said, restraining himself from grabbing the battered disk pinned to the other boy's coat.

As for Macgregor, he set off for home at a quick trot, which, however, was not sustained all the way. Indeed, he climbed the stair to his abode at a slower rate than usual, and knocked so gently for admittance that his mother was surprised to find him at the door.

Mr. Purdie looked a little disappointed, but said cheerfully enough, "Just that! Ye'll be wantin' to play after yer day's work. But ye'll be wantin' me to hear ye yer lessons later on, Eh?"

It was the fried egg that finished him. "Is yer egg no' nice, dearie?" asked Lizzie at last, after several anxious glances at his plate.

"It's a peety ye didna pit yer saxeppen in the bank," she said, sadly. "I'll awa' an' get the lie."

"Ma wee man, Maw," he said softly as he bent over the bed, "are ye feelin' any easier?"

"I'm no' gann to say any mair about it, Macgregor. I'm glad ye wud be sorry in the mornin' to see me here."

She moved to the door, but a sound from the bed recalled her. She bent over the boy for a moment.

"I never said he wis!" said Lizzie sharply. "When he does wrang, he's sorry. There's none a laddie wud ha' spent the saxeppen an' never thought shame."

One cold day last winter, in the town of Yonkers, a man was observed standing over a coal grating in the sidewalk, and was heard to mutter: "These pesky things may be good enough to heat up a church, but when it comes to heatin' up a whole town they aren't much account."

WANTED-A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls, With natural manners and natural curls, Who love their dollies and like the toys

The Ship of the Desert.

Just as there are (or were recently) counties in Kansas where not a line of railroad is to be found, so there are still many regions in the east where neither railroad

I need not tell you, either, of the camel's staying powers when traveling away from springs or wells. Its extra stomach reservoirs and stores great quantities of water

The killing of a good camel and the necessary reloading of the animals, reminds me of the carrying powers of these aids to eastern commerce, and the difficulty we had with the other camels, due to their refusal for a while to transport more than a certain amount.

Amateurs, as I can testify from my own early experience, usually underrate the strength of these living transporters, and perhaps it is no wonder that Major Wayne had difficulty with the people of Indianola, Tex., as I remember he reported to the Secretary of War.

Kingston and Its Disasters.

Kingston, like every capital city Jamaica has ever had, seems to have been doomed to disaster. Thrice it has been lashed by hurricanes; thrice it has been shaken by earthquakes, and thrice it has been practically wiped out.

The earthquake which would destroy Kingston has been the prophetic croak of old negroes as long as can be remembered. The persons who had not become too familiar with the city to overlook its topographical situation.

The greatest hurricane was perhaps in 1880. Kingston was on the edge of it, but got its share of trouble. In August, 1903, a cyclone swept the island and damaged

To the horrors of famine have been added an outbreak of smallpox among the refugees at Singkiang, China, necessitating the demolition of the mat sheds erected to shelter the thousands who have arrived there in search of food.

After waiting some time they got impatiently and called the woman, saying, "You said we should see your husband presently."

Origin of Nursery Rhymes.

Slang phrases, in course of time become absorbed into the vernacular, just in the same way that nonsense rhymes and nursery verses become institutions. Take the following examples: The famous lines, "Mother, may I go out to swim?"

Sir William Gowers has recently developed a new theory of sleep. According to his explanation, the suspension of consciousness in sleep is probably due to a "break and make" action among the brain cells.

There will be a legal holiday this year on every day of the week except Saturday, as follows: Monday, Labor day, September 2nd; Tuesday, New Year's day, January 1st; Election day, November 5th; Wednesday, Christmas, December 25th; Thursday, Decoration day, May 30th; Independence day, July 4th; Defender's day, September 12th; Thanksgiving, November 28th; Friday, Washington's birthday, Feb. 22nd, Good Friday, March 29th.

Ucle Sam's Antismuggling Bulletin. According to an official of the weather bureau in Philadelphia, a bulletin recently issued from the government office at Washington was put out solely for the purpose of combating and overcoming superstition—something which a government rarely undertakes in an official way, says the Philadelphia Record.

Good and Osgood. The subject of ancestors is often an interesting topic of conversation. A lady extremely proud of her mother's family created a sensation and made her listeners wonder a little when she remarked: "My father filled many responsible positions. We all have the greatest respect for him. My father was a good man, but—and a certain stiffening of the shoulders and an added expression of firmness in the god lady's face added importance to her conclusion—"my mother was an Osgood!"