## BE CAREFUL.

Be careful what you sow, girls For every seed will grow, girls! Though it may fall Where you cannot know, Yet in summer and shade

It will surely grow ; And the girl who sows good seed to-day Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys ! For the weeds will surely grow, boys! If you plant bad seed By the wayside high, You must reap the harvest

By and by, And the boy who sows wild oats to-day Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls ! For all the bad will grow, girls! And the girl who now, With a careless hand, Is scattering thistles Over the land,

Must know that, whatever she sows to-day, Ehe must reap the same to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now ! And not the briers and weeds now ! That when the harvest For us shall come, We may have good sheaves

To carry home, For the seed we sow in our lives to-day Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

## TOM PRIMROSE.

Tom Primrose was a very good boy, as boys go. He was a bright scholar, respectful to his teacher and parents, and was generally willing, active and obedient.

What then? a pretty fair character,

was heedless and inattentive to a de- to tea." gree which made it a continual trial of patience to live in the same house with him.

Every one dreaded to ask him to do anything. It was such an effort to get him started, such a fuss to make him the children feeling a little shy at going heed directions, and it was sure to end in confusion and trouble in the end.

For instance: one evening, when the family were gathered in the sittingroom after tea-"Mamma," said little "Tom has bored a nice hole in Nett. my slate-frame, and put a string through it. Will you give me a bit of sponge to tie to the string?"

"Yes, dear; I'll hand you the seissors in a moment. Tom! "Yes, mamma."

"Go to my room-the window is partly open-attend now, Tom-it was opened to air the room. I want-" "Yes, ma'am. Nett, I'll help you

get out that puzzle in a minute.' "Close the window, Tom-do you

hear?-open the register, and bring me the large sponge from the wash stand. Now go at once.' "Yes, yes; in just one minute."

Five minutes had passed. Tom had become absorbed in the picture of a

magazine. "Tom, did you hear what I said"

afternoon Mrs. Romney received a note friends of her husband and well-known sent by her husband from his place of to herself. business. She read it twice, and then handed it to her daughter, a young lady just home from school, exclaiming: "Well, I never!"

The note read, "Mrs. Primrose sends me word that she with her family, will take tea with us to-night."

"Why, mother! Has your acquaintance with Mrs. Primrose become intimate.'

neighborly."

"This is neighborly enough, surely." as that! But I wonder, now, if father notified, and a crier was in the streets, may have received it sooner, and forgot- cryingten to speak of it."

cate to send such a message to you." "I certainly don't understand it. blue hoods, and plaid waterproof Oh, well, never mind. Mrs. Primrose cloaks!" is a very nice, pleasant woman, and I've always wanted to know her better: acquainted with us, we will do the best we can to make the visit of the family an agreeable one.

"Hi, there!" called Tom Primrose to Johnny Romney, as they were let out of school; "wait a minute; I'm going "No, sir, I have heard noth home with you."

"Good! Can you stay long?"

"Going to stay to tea."

"Hurrah! Now, I can show you that new game and my printing-press."

"Stop, Nett! shouted Tom to his two that, for a boy? Yes, but he had one failing, which "Stop, Nett! shouted rom to his two little sisters as they were going out of

"Did mamma say so?" asked Nettie in some surprise.

"Yes; she'll be there. Come along; its just round the block here."

So Tom and John hurried off, while to a straige house, wished they had known it sooner, that they might have gone with Grace Romney.

A minute later a timid pull at Mrs. Romney's bell brought that lady to to the door, and she stood there a few seconds looking down upon the two little faces which looked into hers, half laughing, half frightened.

"Everything in pairs," was her thought. Two pairs of rounded blue eyes, keeping company with the two sweet mouths, in their look of doubt and shyness at venturing to visit in a

strange house; two pairs of red cheeks, even the dimples matched, each surrounded by a pair of dainty little ruches set in a pair of blue hoods.

"We-we're Minnie and Nett," ventured Nettie.

"You're Mignonette, eh?" said Mrs. "Well, I shouldn't wonder Romney. if you were,"

"Good-afternoon, ma'am," said Minnie, with a funny little courtesy, as she suddenly remembered her manners. 'We came to tea, ma'am. Is Grace at home?" "Oh, you are the little primrose, are you? Yes, Grace is at home." Mrs. Romney loved children, and as she led in the twin dots, she felt rather glad than otherwise that the Primroses were coming to ter. Mr. Romney left his place of business a little earlier than usual, and looked into Mr. Primrose's office. "'I thought I'd see if you were ready to go down

At sight of her white face they all arose, one of them placed a chair for Lake, in Bethel turnpike, Sullivan Co., her and begged her to sit down; but N. Y., where his grandfather had been invitation, she said, "Mr. Brand, my the Fall of 1820 Nelse had his cabin in children have not come home from the woods near what was called Big school-I don't know where they are-

I cannot find Mr. Primrose." Her voice was husky, but she controlled herself, as the gentleman with a eye of the hunter discovered that there "No; I have called on her, and she kindly interest, which gave courage to

One or two were out to hunt for Mr. Primrose, but she could not wait for "Well, yes, I should say so. A him to begin the search, so in less than whole family visiting on such a notice twenty minutes the police-station was

"Lost! three children. Boy of ten "But I think it's intrusive and indeli- with curly hair, brown suit and Scotch swamp. cap. Twin girls of seven, blue eyes,

In a short time Mr. Brand returned and said to her. "Madame, I have on the track of the animal. Crocker's so if this is her way of becoming better seen some one who saw Mr. Primrose walking with Mr. Romney about an dogs for, as I have many times heard hour ago. If you have not heard noth- the old hunters say, there were very ing more directly about him, I will go few dogs that would follow a panther's down to the Romney's house, and see if track. Nelse's dog overtook the pan-

"No, sir, I have heard nothing," said Mrs. Primrose. "But I will go,

too, 1 cannot sit still while I am in sus-Her kind-hearted friend felt very sor-

by telling her of a lost chid who had

rope at a menagerie side-show. She did not seem at all cheered by his opened promptly as they rang, and a

cordial voice greeted them-"Why, Mrs. Primrose, you are so late; and I thought you were coming for

a neighborly visit. We were just about to send to see why you-She stopped suddenly, seeing by Mrs.

Primrose's manner that something was wrong. Mr. Brand spoke: "We are looking for Mr. Primrose,

madam, and came to ask if Mr. Romney knew of his wherabouts."

'Why, of course; he's been here for more than an hour! They are all here, and we were getting uneasy about Mrs. Primrose. Come in! Com in!"

She threw open a door, and Mr. Primrose and Mr. Romney were seen sitting by a glowing grate in the pleasant par-Mr. Primrose arose to meet his lor. wife, being satisfied at her excited ap-But she quickly passed pearance. through the wide-opened doors into the back parlor.

The picture might have attracted a less loving eye. Master Tom sat with his friend before the fire, enjoying a game of "Go bang," while further back in a corner was a most charming

Told in a Tavern.

"Nelse Crocker lived near White without taking time even to decline his a pioneer settler and kept a tavern. In Pond, and one day he and his dogs struck the trail of panthers along the edge of Painter Swamp. The practiced were tracks of no less than seven of the has called on me about once a year for the last two years. I met her some time ago at an Aid Society, and I *did* different plans for the recovery of the say to her I wished we would be more say to her I wished we would be more dog began to bristle up and to growl and the next instant a huge panther sprang from a tree near by, almost touching Crocker's shoulders as it shot

past him. It struck the ground a few feet beyond and bounded into the "Crocker caught up his gun and lost no time in starting in pursuit of the panther. The dog had followed it immediately and was yelping along ahead dog was an exception to most hunting

ther, or probably the panther waited for him. At any rate he pitched into the panther without delay and was whipped in three seconds. Crocker met his log coming back, badly used up. The

hunter went on and found the panther ry for her as they hurried along. In in a tree. As he was aiming at it a his good-nature he tried to comfort her noise in the swamp attracted his attention, and, looking in that direction, he been kidnapped by an Italian begger, saw another panther rushing toward hands and shake her head sadly. He home; we're all going to Mrs. Romney's and had been found, six months after- him, bounding over the tops of the lauterest in the animal in the tree vanished

at once and he turned his gun on the story, however, and from weariness and new arrival, and by a lucky shot killed excitement was hardly able to stand as it. The report of the gun was followthey reached Mr. Romney's dcor. It ed immediately by yells of panthers opened promptly as they rang, and a from all parts of the swamp, and, as Crocker had now no dog to aid him, he thought that the best thing he could do

would be to beat a retreat from the Two panthers brought up his swamp rear, but did not approach to within shooting distance of Nelse. They followed him, however, to the edge of the

swamp. "When he reached his cabin he found his dog there ahead of him, looking sheepish and ashamed of himself. The more Nelse thought of the way he had left the field alone to the panthers the madder he got, and when he discovered that he had left his hunting cap, which was made out of a wolf's skin, behind him in the swamp he swore that he would go back and recover it, skin the anther he had killed, and tackle the rest of the drove, if he got chawed up himself. The dog wasn't hurt so badly as he thought, but he did not suppose that it would ever go around where

there was a panther again. Yet, when from her paper and said: Nelse started back for the swamp next

the fall of 1844. He joined a party on a hunt that fall, and they had plenty of rum in the camp. Nelse gotdrunk, and remained so for a week. When he became sober he was so ashamed that he

Heb Humor.

After the apples are harvested and he grain has been threshed in northern Maine it is fashionable for the neighbors to give "buckwheat parties," so called from the fact that "flapjacks" and cakes made from this grain are provided for the entertainment of the guests. Mrs. Smith gave a party last fall and Mrs. Brown, who attended it, went away and told her friends that Mrs. Smith made the worst fritters she ever tasted. Of course Mrs. Smith heard of it, and the report did not de-light her overmuch. When it came Mrs. Brown's turn to give a party Mrs. Smith attended with smiles on her face and canker in her heart. All the company, consisting of some twenty ladies and gentlemen, were seated around the table, eating and talking as only country people know how to eat and talk, when Mrs. Smith was observed to be having some trouble with a fritter in her plate. She was apparently working very hard in a vain endeavor to cut it

"What's the matter, Mrs. Smith?" asked the hostess? "Ef yer'v gut 'er

bad one, try another." "No, no; don't think of me at all, or ef yer do, I wish you'd jest do me a favor.

"Sartin; what is it?" "Ef yer hev enny flapjacks left over, n' I reckon you will," and here Mrs. Smith glanced at her plate and then at the lady of the house in a way that meant mischief, "I do wish you'd save

em for me." "Yes, and glad tew," said Mrs. Brown, highly flattered. ""Whatever do you want of them? Perhaps you want to give 'em to the dear children at home.

"No, dear; the children's teeth are not hard enough. Seein' it's you, Mrs. Smith, I'll tell yer. I want 'em to nail down over some rat holes in the pantry. They are covered with sheet-iron now. but I think your flapjacks are tougher, and she arose and glowered upon her rival like a fiend over a soul in bond-

The party broke up early that evening, and since then the neighborhood has been divided into two sections on the flapjack question. They have carried their dispute before the minister, and it is said that both parties have threatened to leave the church unless he settles the question one way or another. When last heard from he contemplated resigning.

He was a graduate of a school of pharmacy and had just bought out an apothecary at the South End. Last evening his sweet young wife looked

need and Hall.

"The reed bird is a little feathered tramp," said a game dealer to a reporter, "and he flies from the swamps of Louisiana to the lakes and prairies of Manitoba and back every year. He is as fond of aliases as any tramp, and in Manitoba, Minnesota and the West generally is known as the bobolink, under which name he is eagerly sought after by the white trappers and Indian natives of the Western wilds as a savory addition to their meal. In the Middle and Eastern States he turns up in August and September as the reed bird, fat and juicy, fit to be killed, as the law allows, on after the 1st of September each year. Look at these specimens. They are the first of the season. They are fine and the demand is good."

"Where are the principal hunting grounds?"

"The grain fields of this State, Connecticut and Vermont, the swamps and fields of Long Island, but above all along the Jersey coast, where, with his cousin-german, the rail, the little feathered bon vivant strips the luscious reeds of their mealy grain. But to get him at his fattest and juiciest you want to wait until late in October and November, when he has gorged himself with the pearly seeds of the wild rice swamps in the South. Then he is a fit morsel for the greatest gourmand in the land ,

"How about the rail?"

"The rail, as I said, is cousin-german to the reed bird, but is a far gamier fellow. Flushing at the least noise, he is off like a flash, and the 'gun' that shows a 'bag' of rall as a trophy of a day's sport has something to be proud

"How do the birds sell and how is the market supplied with them?"

"The reeds and the rail sell about the same, say seventy-five cents per dozen. We buy them by the 500 dozen lot, and of course get a margin below this price. Rail are not coming in very plenty on account of the difficulty met with in shooting them. They can't be trapped like the reed birds, which are caught that way by the thousands. All other game birds in season are plen iful and prices are very low."

"How about the reed birds cooked in restaurants?"

"Well, a good many of them are sparrows. You see there are not enough

to go around anyway, but in those cheap restaurants it is a safe thing to view a reed bird with suspicion unless you see it before it is cooked. Of course in a reputable place you can get them if they have them, and if they haven't they will say so. But this year there will not be so many sparrows killed, for reed birds promise to be twice as plentiful as usual. But the man who wants to enjoy the tempting morsel wants more than a dozen, and the best way is to go and bag them. Then he will have the sport and the birds and the experience. Reed bird

shooting doesn't require much prepara-"I see that Don Dash de Banana, a The usual outfit is a double-bartion. meraing to redeem his reputation as a Mexican, who owned nine drug stores, reled No. 12 breech-loader, a bag of No. panther hunter, what was his surprise has just failed, with liabilities amount-10 shot and about 100 shells. A good many prominent men shoot their to see the dog gather himself up and ing to over \$250,000. If it is as good bumarch resolutely along as if aware that siness as you say, John, what him fail?" birds. The art of cooking the reed bird is of "Did it say he run a soda fountain in he ought to retrieve his reputation and equal importance with the science of any of his establishments?" was determined to do it. "No; it said he, traded in extracts shooting it. With the purpose of learn-"On reaching the scene of his ening a little about such matters, the counter with the panthers the day beand other medicinal preparations," reporter called upon the king cook of a fore, Crocker found his hat and the "Ah, well; that accounts for it. cafe. He was a little man, with light tell you that so long as a man can sell body of the slain panther. Nelse began fluffy hair and a thick tongue when it taking off the skin, when in glancing three gills of wind and a gill of soda came to talking English. He leaned up in a tree near by, he saw another water, that cost in all about threeinquiringly in the direction of the reone crouching down on a limb. Crocker fourths of a mill, for five cents hard cash, porter, wiped his damp brow with his shot it, and it tumbled down to the and then have half the water left in ground, but jumped to its feet and apron, and said, in reply to a question: foam that can't be sucked out of the climbed to the top of a small chestnut "There are many-fifty, a hundred, a glass, there is no danger of failing. thousand ways of cooking the reed bird. tree, which bent over with the weight One of Boston's soda fountains, proper-You can get them in any style at the ly conducted, would have paid off his of the animal until it was only a few restaurants. Speaking generally, howfeet from the ground. The panther debts inside of a year." ever, there are only two ways of prepa-"Whom do you think they'll nomidropped to the ground, and Crocker's ring them in favor in this country, broiling and roasting. Each style adnate for Congress in our district this dog at once seized it, but with one blow of its paw it knocked the dog 20 feet year?" asked an old resident of another. mits of very many agreeable combina-"Dunno; had all I want of it the last Crocker had been trying to retions. You ask me to give you the away. load his gun, but the ramrod stuck in time I ran.' the socket, and delayed him so that the names of a few popular styles of cook-"You don't mean to tell me that you ing reed birds and their characteristics. panther, after its bout with the dog, ever ran for Congress, do you?" I will. Here, Antelo," and the head waiter approached, "please write for me some ways of cooking reed birds." "First," said the chief, "there is "I do that, and a mighty hard run it rushed upon him while his gun was still empty. The second experience of the was. I came very near winning too," dog was again too much for his valor, When and where was it?" "When I was on Milk street two and he ran away. Crocker, taken at a what is known as en brochette. Then disadvantage, was also compelled to vears ago. they are broiled on toast, first being seek safety in flight. The panther fol-"Who ran in opposition?" lowed him, and was gaining at every jump, when Crocker threw down his rifle. The panther ran to where he had split in the back. There is a' Espagnole "Engine 26. You see we were runwith rice. They are cooked sautce, ning to the big fire on Congress street, and '26' beat me about a rod and a that is, what you would say, dry-fried, not fried in an ocean of grease, like the thrown the gun and paused a short half." Americans mean by fried. There is "If you've got a clam hoe," said an added a trimming of Spanish sance and impatient guest at a seaside hotel, "I'll Madtira wine. Another way is a ln go out and dig some myself. I ordered Madrilena, in which the trimming is clam chowder twenty minutes ago, and green pepper and mushrooms, tomatoes, I must take the train that leaves in half "When Crocker cooled off he cursed onions, capers, olives, and raisins. This an hour. dish gets its name from having been "Lord bless you, sir, we don't want presumably introduced in Madrid, clams. We never use any. We bees Spain, where they love reed birds greatawaitin' for Maria to get done washing The saulce a l'Italienne introduces the dishes. We wants the dish water, the bird dry-fried-saulce you know, we do. " and the chief smiled patrontzingly at the reporter. "The trimmings to this "What in heavens name do you do with dish water?" dish are hashed mushrooms and truf-"Please, sir, we puts it in clam chowfles, and Spanish sauce for a climax, all der for thickening," well seasoned. In a la Venetienne you have another combination of accesso-George Sand in her Old Age. ries, comprising onions and sherry wine, his knife, and, by a lucky thrust, buried it in the panther's heart. It was more George Sand until her face was that of well seasoned, the bird being fried dry. The style a la Provencal affords an than lucky, for the panther's forepaws an old woman, so that I cannot say to opportunity for the appearance on the were on his breast and its wide open what extent her statue resembled what dish of small onions, small tomatoes, jaws at his throat. In failing back it she was at 40. To the end she had fine roasted and well seasoned sauce. By set its claws in the hunter's clothing, eyes. They did not express what she reed bird a la Reina you may imagine and tore them from him from the shoul- felt, but conveyed the impression that mushrooms, tomato and Spanish sauces ders down. Leaving the panther in its there was behind them a camera obscucarefully mixed and truffles. The title death throes, Crocker hastened to the ra where impressions were stored up a la Chasseur is given to a style in faspot where he had thrown his rifle, and silently and reacted upon by some ocvor with hunters, as its name would found it. He lost no time in loading it, cult power, George Sand was a night imply. The birds are gently dry fried for he knew that it was more than like- bird. She wrote best when every one and trimmed with wine, olives and lauly that the dying cries of the panther else in her house was asleep; she liked rel leaves. When they are fried in would summon others to the spot, and he had barely got his rifle ready before had a preference for the flower which fancy paper boxes they are called en caisse and a la Pompadour he heard one springing from tree to the French call belle de la nuit. In tree toward him. It soon came in sight company she stared and seemed to and, discovering Crocker, crouched for mope, seldom talked, and if she ever Mining Lamps .- As the Davy Lamp a spring in the crotch of a tree a few laughed it was internally. There was feet away. Nelse waited for the leap, much in her that was akin to the tranand as the panther left the tree he fired. quil patient steer. Were there such a The ball entered its heart, and the ani- thing as a winged cow in the Ninevalu remains, it might answer as her symbol. 'Nelse's dog, probably unable to tace Her letters in her old age are greatly his master after deserting him twice in a strait, had disappeared, and Crocker teem with eloquent fustian. They are, ever saw him again. Finding him- however, studded with aphorisms self thus left to combat panthers alone, which deserve to be classed with the Nelse concluded that it would be best noblest "thoughts" of Pascal. No to let the ones still remaining have the other French author paints a landscape cheap and simpl swamp to themselves, so he took the with so much grace or truth. She had GROWING green fodder for cattle in skins of the three panthers he had kill- also a healthy sympathy for the peasant ed and broke camp. Crocker signed who repaired all the mischief done by the temperance pledge in Monticello in ambitious and greedy "statesmen" and wo cows where he now keeps one.

shot himself in camp,"

Yes, of course I did; but do, mamma, just look at these boys fishing. Aren't they having a jolly time, though?"

Another long pause.

"Thomas! Are you going up stairs?" The look and tone were not to be mistaken. Tom left the room with a bound, reached the top of the stairs, and then returned, with rather a sheepish expression of face.

"What was it you wanted me to do?" His mother repeated her order, and he went up stairs again. Soon he was heard hurrying down the back stairs. Then a shout came.

"Where is he now, and what does he want?" said Mrs. Primrose.

"The steps sound as if he was in the this evening." pantry," said Minnie, as she opened the door into the sitting room. "What are you doing out there, Tom?"

"I'm getting a knife to cut it." he called. "Can I have a piece too?"

"Yes; but bring the whole piece here and I'll cut it with my scissors. I don't w) nt any knife."

So presently Master Tom made his you to meet them." appearance from the pantry, carrying a

sponge-cake. "What is that for?" asked his mother. "Why, didn't you tell me you wanted

some sponge-cake?" "No, I did not."

The girls laughed, and Nettie skipped up stairs and got the sponge; but school at half-past four o'clock. It had worth."

Tom looked ashamed. "I'm sorry, mother, I will surely try and be more to leave them on the way, and she knew careful. I did wonder at your wanting scissors to cut sponge cake."

two hours later, she found the window wide open, and the register tightly closed.

"Der crate of the range ish broke, zna'am. Broke shust now."

So said Gretchem, her round face appearing from the kitchen, as the family were dining next day.

"The grate of the range broken? Dear me, how trying!" sighed Mrs. Primrose. solumbers. If 1 send for one, it is impossible to be sure of his attending to the order at once."

"That's so!" said Tom, with a shake of his head. "The last time the range stave out we had a cold dinner, and .mext to pothing for breakfast,"

"This is the busy season too, Tom," the table; "but you must stop at Mr. Momney's on your way to school, and wee feet might take-where were they? tell him the grate is broken and it is necessary a new one should be sent with Gretchen, and then was out on without any delay. Tell him," she the street with wraps half fastened, said laughing, "if it is not attended to at making herway to her husban ' office. since, we shall all go and take tea at his As she went, her mind was filled with hood"-etc. house to-night. Now don't you fail to one terrible fancy after another. All see him. Tom, and give the order."

his forgetfulness.

"Indeed I'll remember it, mamma; but Ned Long wants me to trade my

At about half-past two o'clock that several gentlemen, most of whom were | -Out of debt, out of danger.

with me," he said. 'Down? Where, sir?"

"Down to my house, with me."

"Well, really-I beg your pardon,

but, I had no intention of going there

"Oh, you have not heard of it? Well, its all settled. I suppose, by the powers that be I had word directly from Mrs. Primrose that she, yourself and children, were to give my wife and me the pleasure of taking tea with us to-night, so I thought I would do myself also the the range fixed, and mamma said we'd

pleasure a'so the pleasure of escorting all take tea at his house." Mr. Primrose thought it a very

abrupt arrangement, but he was in the which had caused all this misery! habit of leaving such matters to his

went with him. Mrs. Primrose always watched eagerly for the return of her little ones from Tom?"

"Tom, it costs more trouble to get you mind to let the twins go, the darlings to do anything than all your help is who had made her home so bright, but five cents, to boot for his sled. I'm they had begun school-life a few weeks before. Tom had strict orders never

come in sight, with a little hand of But when his mother went up stairs, each waving a greeting to her.

On this evening she took her station by the window a little later than usual, having been called to the kitchen by Gretchen to see that "der grate of der surely going to improve.

vain for the blue blondes. Then she promptly went himself to quiet the went into another room, which gave a huen and cryafter the Primroses. "Stove men are as bad as better view down the street, where she She became a few minutes interested in setting right a mistake in the fancy knitting she held in her hand; and then she sprang up in alarm, as the little

clock rang the half-hour past five. The bright autumniday was turning to dusk, and her little ones, who had whe said, as that young gentleman left never been absent from her an hour affair. The little breeze he had raised without her knowledge every step the

the dreadful stories she had ever heard Mrs. Primrose had a pleasant busi- about lost children crowded upon 1ness acquaintance with the stove mer- memory, until, as she reached the bu d Tom had been sent on a similar ing in which the office was, she had errand before, and the dinnerless con- reached a high state of nervous excitedition spoken of had been the result of ment. She seized the handle of the door. The door was locked. There was no light in the room.

It was now nearly dark. Almost in old skates, and a quarter to boot, for his sled. May 1? You know papa says upper step to think what she could do, he will give me some new skates this for something must be don at once.

"Yes; but whatever you do. don't another law-office. She opened the lution." forget your message to Mr. Rowney."

mixture of little girls and dolls, and doll's belongins.

Mrs, Primrose almost ruined a small bedstead as she gathered a twin in each arm, and seemed to forget that she was not alone with them. The older ones ssembled around Mr. Brand as he told them what trouble she had been in.

Nobody seemed to understand how it come about. Mr. Primrose came towards his wife, and she said: "Why did

you come without telling me?" "Mr. Romney told me my dear, that

you had arranged it." "Why did you come" she said to the

twins. "Tom told us, mamma. He said you

knew." "How came you to do so, Tom?" "Why, mamma, you told me yourself I didn't forget at all. I gave Mr. Ronney the message the first thing." "I told him to please send to have

So it was her own poor little joke, blundered over by poor heedless Tom,

She explained the mystery, and was wife, so he thanked Mr. Romney and able to join m the hearty laugh which followed.

"How could you make such a mistake

"Why, I'm afraid I was thinking Mrs, Primrose looked sober, and said. been very hard for her to make up her about how I might get Ned Long to take fifteen cents, instead of twenty-

awfully sorry; indeed I am." "Hush!" some one said as a bell was heard ringing loudly in the street. almost to a minute when they would They raised the window and listened. "Lost! three children. Boy of ten, with curly hair, brown suit and Scotch

Twin girls," etc.

cap. Tom turned red with mortification. Mr. Primrose was chagrined because his family were being hunted in every ranche" was all right. Tom had re- street of the town. He was going in membered for once, dear boy! He was haste to put a stop to the crier's search, but Mr. Brand kindly insisted that he Five o'clock struck, as she locked in should remain with his friends and

They had a pleasant evening after all.

sat'down and watched still more eagerly. Mrs. Romney's kind cordiality soon enabled Mrs. Primrose to forget the embarassing circumstances which had led to their visit. It was the beginning of a friendship between the two families which all enjoyed,

But Tom was not soon allowed to forget the part he had played in the was looked upon as a fine "joke" by his schoolmates. As he appeared among She flew into the kitch n for a word them the next day he was greeted with shouts of-

"Boy lost1-boy of ten-blue eyeswaterproof hair -- plaid cap-Scotch

For days after he almost dreaded the sight of a boy. If he showed himself on the street, he could not turn a corof tent" and on leaving any company of mal fell dead at Crocker's feet. boys, he was sure of hearing groans of, "Boy lost!"-blue eyes-curly hairgoing-going-gonel"

He certainly was well punished for the trouble he had caused; and if he reinto trouble again by his thoughtless-A light shone out over the door of ness, it is to be hoped he kept his reso-

time to inspect it, enabling Nelse to make good his escape from the swamp, beyond which the animal did not pursue him.

his cowardice, and going to his cabin, he took his hunting ax, which, for some reason that he was neverable to explain he had failed to carry on either of his other visits to the swamp. Armed with this, he went back to meet the panther he had wounded. He had not long to wait, for he had gone but a short distance in the thicket when the infuriated beast sprang out of the bush es, alighting directly in front of Nelse It jumped for his throat before he could

1843, and did not drink anything until saviors of society.

in mining is not sure, a really sale mining-lamp seems just now to be a thin ; wanted. Wuether electricity will answer all the requirements of a miner's work or not, it is very certain that a long time must elapse before the electric light, even if suited to the purpose, can be installed in colleries. The lamp required must give a good light must be portable, and more than all, to meet with universal attention, it must be

Summer instead of depending entirely on pasture will enable a farmer to keep

denver a blow with his ax. He drew