PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE
All day long they came and go--
Pitg All day long they eame nud go-
Pittypat and Tippybe,
Footprints Yootprints up and down the bani,
Playthinge satteret on the flowYingermarks along the wall,
Tell- talate stranks upon the door-Tell-tale struaks upon thin door-

How they riot at their play In they troop, domanifigas breaid-
Oaly butterod hread will do, And thut tutter must bo sproad Inches thick with suynar, to
torer yet have 1 sail': "No. Nerer yet have 1 sald:
Titypat and Tippytoo?
Tonencimes there aro grifes to sooths--
Ennetimes rufled brows to mooth -For-1 much regret to sayTippytoo and Pittypat
Somteimea interrupt their Somteimen interrupt their play
With an internecin' pat;
 Ob, the thousand worrying things
Every day recurrent bringst Hands to serub and hair to b
 Jany a murmurinz to hush,
Many a littio benpe to kiat

And, when day is at an end,
Thire are littlo duls to mens, Little frocks are strangelys, tot on,
Little shoes great holes revoil. Litue bowo but one day worn, Who but you conal wor
Putypat and Tippytoes:
But when cones this thought to mat;
"Bome thero aro that ebtidless bo"

 On the floor, along the hanll, There aro proofs in overy kind
Of he havoe they have wroug
And weon my heatt you't find Juat such trudemarks, if you sough
how ghad I am tis mo

## A GIRL'S WAY



| for going to sleep at Aunt Betay's, I simply won't ! ${ }^{\text {I }}$ <br> When the moon rose, orange-gold and glittering through the brunches of the butternut tree, Matty was still sitting, there, her elbwa resting on her knees, and two bright tears on her cheeks. <br> Poor girl! She fancied herself the most miserable being in the world. <br> "Mr. Belford, eht" Mrs, Mills had come to the door in a bewildered way. "Proud to make your aequaintance, sir, T'm sure: but I didn't noways look for you before to-morrow morning. Rid over a -horseback, did youl Oh, no, it ain't no inconvenience to me-not the least! I'll get you a bite o' supper dreckly, if you'll just lead your horse down to the bara at the foot of the lane. down to the barn at the foot of the lane. We don't keep no boy, but you'll flad hay and oats haudy. Martha! Martha! Where is the chita Billingses a'ready. gone to Aunt Betsy Bin Just like Martha. She never was bo calculator:" <br> Stasty Mills, however, was not so far distant as her perturbed mother imag. tued. <br> She had slipped in at the back door of the barn, patted the red cow who stood ruminating in her stall, made berself a cosy little nest in the fragrant hay up stairs, and, lighting the old lantern, sat down to read. <br> Sudeenly there came a hesitating foot. step on the threshold outside. <br> The door oponed. Matty started from her book. She leaned over the big beam, all fringed with hay, which made the partition of her impromptu divan. <br> "Who's there"" she called. "Jim- <br> oh, Jim I Don't be frightened, it's me- Matty. Tim hiding from mother. We've had a difference of opinion. Mother has takeu four horrid, stupid ministers to board for a week-it's some kind of convention, Jim-and-Oh, do wait <br> She swung herself lightly over the beam and atighted, like a dattering, bright-cested bird, on the floor of the barn. <br> "Oh, Jim, if you only knew-" <br> "I beg your pardon," spoke a quiet, composed voice, in the deep, well-modnlated tones that bespeak much practues, "tout I think there mast be some mis. tako. Mrs. Mills sent me hero to put up my horse. I'm afraid, I am one of the 'four hornd ministers.' But I assur your-" Matty caught up the barn latera an held it on $a$ level with his face. <br> Beresford!" she exclamed, "it's Mr. "That is my name. And you ar Matty Mills," said a stranger, a sudden "But, it it is an allowable questionhow on earth came you here $y^{\prime \prime}$ "In the most natural <br> In the most natural flay in the |
| :---: |



## "Miss Matty!" "Are you - minister"" "It have that honor, Miso "It onn't bo possible!"


 Matty lowered ber lantern.
"MMy I Iusk your e erand at the barn"
said she, in au altered voice. "Though
perhps my mother seat you to find
mel"

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { my pantomime took his fancy. Seceing a } \\
& \text { stream of reosh water I lod the chief to it. } \\
& \text { Fint washing my own hands I gave him } \\
& \text { the tablet. He Ho Hid as I had dooe and } \\
& \text { was deligited. }
\end{aligned}
$$

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { coltessino on a wet day" sighed Mre } \\
& \text { Mills. "I guess I'I jest havo to do the } \\
& \text { best I can without her. She was dread }
\end{aligned}
$$

Smoke to Keep Off Frost.

Experiments wero mado during the
winter at the Paris Jardin d'Acectination in Paris, Frapce, in proiucing artificial serios of vinewood fires were lighted,
enititigg columnsoo black smoke, which,
according to the inventor of tho mettond,
ought to have been converted into a according to the inveator of the method,
ought to have been cooverted into a
thick stationary fog, raising the temper,
ature by four or fi\% degrees,-New
York Journal.

| SUNOXY SCHOOL. ungson fon gexnaxy, Apail on <br>  |  |
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THE LABOR WORLD.





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