

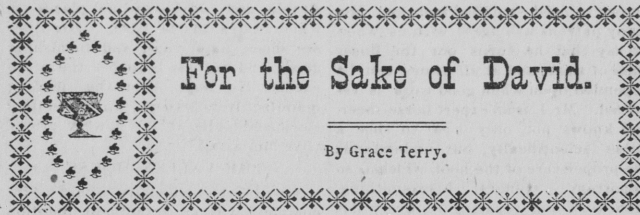
HE ALWAYS TOLD THE TRUTH.

He was not very quick to learn. Nor "promising," 'twas said; He was not of a brilliant turn, Nor one to "go ahead"; Defects—If they must be confessed— In plenty had the youth But this one virtue he possessed— He always told the truth.

In every way he seemed below The average of boys, In intellect, and "push," and "go," And all that youth enjoyed; But no one ever doubted him, Because they knew, forsooth— Yes, even those who flouted him— He always told the truth.

"Uncouth" and "awkward," how it hurt When on his ears it fell! Who could the fact not controvert, Was sensitive as well. But one there was who sympathized, Who knew right well the youth— His mother this great comfort prized— He always told the truth.

A slow but steady plodder, he, Along the path of life; In business ever seemed to be Behind-hand in the strife; But then he won his fellow's trust, They honored him in sooth— The man unlearned, but noble, just, Who always told the truth.



ON DAVID, it strikes me that you are out of a great deal of late. I don't approve of boys of your age being out evenings; it leads to bad company, and bad company leads to all kinds of badness. I hope you don't spend your time at the tavern?

"Son David," a broad-shouldered six-footer, smiled a little, and colored a great deal at these words, which were delivered with a precision and a solemnity of look and tone that made them doubly impressive. "There's no occasion for any alarm, father; I keep very good company. And as for the tavern, I haven't set foot in it for six months or more."

About the usual hour, David laid aside his book, and putting on a clean collar and a linen coat, fresh from the hands of Aunt Betsey, sauntered down toward the village. This had been his custom for several weeks past, and the old deacon shook his head with a perplexed and somewhat troubled air.

"I cannot fail to realize, Brother Quimby, the high compliment of such a desire. But you remember the words of Rebekah's parents under like circumstances: 'We will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth.' I don't know that we can do better than follow their example."

"My daughter," said the parson, gravely, "Deacon Quimby informs me that, for the sake of David, he has concluded to take to himself another wife, and that his choice has fallen upon you, but you cannot fail to realize the value of such an offer, and I trust you will give it the consideration it demands."

"I should be very happy to become Deacon Quimby's wife, papa," she said, demurely, "if I had not already promised, for the sake of David, to do my best to be a daughter to him."

True; so he was. "I dare say it does not seem possible," continued the parson. "I can hardly bring myself to realize that it is eighteen years ago since my little girl, here, was laid in my arms; but so it is."

As the good deacon looked at the blooming maiden, and remembered how often he had held her, a smiling babe, in his arms, the conviction was suddenly forced upon him that he had been making an old fool of himself.

The rather embarrassing silence that followed was pleasantly broken by David's cheery voice and pleasant smile.

"You seem to have quite a family party," he said, pushing open the door. "So this is where you spend your evenings, young man?" said his father, shaking his finger at him, with an air of mock displeasure.

The farmers in Illinois, as well as those in other States, last year were taught scientific farming by rail. The train consisted of two cars, arranged to allow speakers to make their talks aboard, was a sort of itinerant agricultural college, sowing knowledge at every stop.

The first stop was at Aurora, where Dean W. A. Henry, of the University of Wisconsin, talked a half hour on the way to tell good seed, and the kind of soil it ought to be planted in. Ten minutes was used in inspecting samples of earth and seed aboard the cars.

Twenty-four Messages on One Wire. The invention of new methods for sending a number of messages simultaneously over the same wire continues, and one of the most recent of these is due to Professor Mercadier, of the French High School for Post and Telegraph.

This makes most economical jewelry. The whole bag of beads costs but five cents. These beads also serve in other ways, in addition to the beadwork that is done on frames.

Children's Love. Happiness in marriage is a good deal like happiness in work; it goes far deeper than mere gratification. While gratification fades, happiness remains, and becomes, as it were, a part of one's nature.

The New George. Johnny was worried about Washington's greatness. He turned to his mother and said: "Washington's all right, but Grant's more like me."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



WONDERINGS. I'm oft inclined to wonder if An anglerworm, when frozen stiff, Would meet with any luck at all, Supposing that, it tried to crawl.

THE ANIMALS IN THE FIRE. Walter had been out skating, and the cold wind which swept down over the frozen lake made his toes and fingers tingle, so that when he got home he hurried to get warm.

THE GAME OF BOB MAJOR. Two of the players sat down, and a cloth large enough to prevent their seeing anything, is put over their heads. Then two other persons tap them on the head with long rolls of paper, which they have in their hands, and ask, in feigned voices, "Who boos you?"

THE GAME OF HANDBALL. Handball is the oldest game known. Millions of boys and girls play it the world over, yet never give a grateful thought to its inventor. Most of them will be surprised to learn that so simple a thing needed "inventing" at all.

HOME-MADE JEWELRY. A handful of beads in every color of the rainbow may be had in gay tarleton bags. It is a good idea to pick out the beads that match—say, all the pink ones, all the blue ones and those of any other color that resemble pretty jewelry.

A TEA TABLE TRICK. Here is a tea table trick that will astonish every one. You will need two forks, a pitcher and a toothpick. Interlace the tips of the prongs of the forks, so that they hold firmly together in V shape.



THE FORKS HANGING IN PLACE. The toothpick should be inserted from the inside of the V, like a tongue, between the fork handles. The other end of the toothpick should then be lodged in the mouth of a pitcher which is high enough to allow the handles of the dependent forks to clear the table.

HOW TO KEEP BOYS ON THE FARM. It is often a question how shall we keep our boys on the farm. The Rural New Yorker publishes the following article, the last sentence containing their idea of a good solution of the problem:

The value of the American hen to society is usually given in terms of meat or eggs. She fills the dinner pail and provides the groceries, pays the mortgage, or shingles the house—but this is not all.

Many years ago I was talking with General Sheridan, in Chicago. He told me that when he was a major of cavalry, in Arizona, he was in charge, on behalf of the Government, of a tribe of Indians, the Colorados, and his duty was to confine them to their reservation.

He is the Emperor. The general allusion to the ruler of Russia as the "Czar," is strictly speaking, incorrect. His official title is "Emperor and Autocrat."