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SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

High Chair Philosophy Caught from the Lips of the Coming Generation.

Our little James, four and a half years old, was pointing out a cow to a playmate. "See the bell around her neck," he said; "do you know what that is for? That's what she rings when she wants to tell the calf that dinner is ready."—M. P.

A little girl of two and a half, on first seeing the sole of a kitten's foot, said, "Bennie's dot holes in he stotins." Later she saw some of his hair on the chai cushion and exclaimed regretfully, "Bennie's losing he fedders."—F. B. D.

Our four-year-old son and heir was recently informed that his aunt, a widow, had married again. A few days later, wishing to speak of the new uncle, but not knowing his name, he hesitated for a moment and then said, "You know, I mean Aunt Gertrude's stephusband."—Y. L.

The first time my little Marie, aged twenty-six months, saw the girl dressing the fish for dinner, she came running to me, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Mamma! Mamma!" she exclaimed, "Mary comb fishes' hair wid de knife and it all come off!"—C. H. B., Tecumseh, Mich.

My oldest boy, who has not yet reached the mature age of three, has, I think, a poetic way of expressing himself. Thus the other day, on noticing the ripples on the lake in Central park caused by the wind, he exclaimed, "Mamma, look! see how the water is laughing."—X. Y., New York.

My little five-year-old girl was so unruly the other day that I finally tried to bring her back to the paths of wisdom by exclaiming, "If you behave like that no one will have anything to do with you." "Papa, dear," she replied complacently, "satan prefers naughty children."—R. M., New Jersey.

Children love to propound philosophical problems, and I must say I do not find it easy to give satisfactory answers to those which fall from the lips of my three-year-old boy. One of the simplest, and yet a question which even a wiser mother could not have answered at a moment's notice, was this, "Mamma, why can't we see our own faces."—L.

I knew a lady who had a little daughter whom she was very particular to have say her prayers every day. One morning, when the child ran out in a great hurry to play, her mother called after her, "Mary, did you ask God to take care of you, like a good little girl?" "No, mamma," she answered, "Mary tought she would tate tare of herself today."—N. J. B., New York.

Frederic, six years old, was telling Walter, three years younger, of a pleasant trip which he, the narrator, took with mamma three years before. "Walter, you weren't born then," he said. Walter meditated awhile upon his loss in not coming sooner upon the scene, and then said, "Brer Fedwick, I was wishing then that God would make me!"—G. W. G., New London, N. H.

Eddie was very fond of raspberry jam. One evening when the parson dropped in to tea mamma opened her last jar, with emphatic instructions to Eddie not to ask for some more jam after getting his share. His papa, not knowing the circumstances, offered to replenish his dish, when Eddie mortified his mother by saying, "Mamma said I musn't ask for any more, 'cause that is all there is."—F. B. D.

We recently had occasion to reprove our little Tommy, not quite three years old, and told him as seriously as possible that we were ashamed to have so disobedient a little boy. The little fellow listened very patiently, and then asked, with an earnestness which completely disarmed us, "Don't you think you had better get a better boy?" The same little boy astonished us the other evening before going to bed by giving us the following improvised version of his usual prayer:

Jesus, tender Shepherd, lead me;
Bless thy little lamb tonight.
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go. Amen.
—J. S., New York.

—All from Babyhood.

Small Girl (after eating a peppermint drop)—Whew-ee! don't it make your mouth windy?—Kate Field's Washington.

They're having a picnic in the woods. "Oh, papa," exclaimed little Fritz, running up with a chestnut burr in his hand, "look! I've found the egg of a porcupine!"—Fliegende Blatter.

A little Boston girl, who is going to a private school, wants to go to a public school. "I am tired," she says, "of going to a school where the teacher calls us darling."—New York Tribune.

Mrs. Jaysmith—Freddy, how did you your clothes torn and your eye blac like that? Now, don't deny it, you've i in a fight. Freddy (ruefully)—Nome, wasn't in it.—New York Sun.

Grandfather Dean, who is very old i deed, was holding his little grandaughte. Helen on his lap, when she suddenly asked very seriously, "Grandpa, why don't you wear a switch."—Toledo Blade.

A little boy, the son of good Presbyterian parents, was asked the question in catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" and he answered, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and annoy him forever."—New Moon.

"No, Bobby," said his mother, "one piece of pie is quite enough for you." "It's funny," responded Bobby, with an injured air. "You say you are anxious for me to learn to eat properly, and yet you won't even give me a chance to practice."—Washington Hatchet.

There was once a mother who was fond of pointing her moral lectures with practical illustrations drawn from the daily life of her children. And the children showed they understood the force of this method of instruction. One day a discussion arose in the nursery. Will said a thing was so, Mabel said it wasn't. "But if I say it's so, it is so," said Will. "Saying a thing is so doesn't make it so," answered Mabel stoutly. "Now, suppose you say you're a good boy, that doesn't make you one, does it?"—Harper's Young People.

One day on a railroad car a lady allowed her little boy, who could hardly speak distinctly, to play about the car, and by and by, to the horror of all of us, she discovered him complacently sitting outside on the steps. She brought him in, and although the punishment inflicted was mild, his little heart seemed to be completely broken. When presently the train stopped at a station great, choking sobs could be heard distinctly all over the car, and suddenly we were all convulsed by a grieving, reproachful and utter desolate little voice exclaiming, "Say, mamma, when a-naughty old-trainman leaves-a door wide open, how can-a baby help going out?"—West Shore.

All or Nothing.

"No," said Charley Cashgo, "I would never try to break my father's will. I don't believe in it."

"Humph," growled his father, "I should say you didn't. You believe in breaking the old man himself and having done with it."—Washington Star.

A Society Fable.

A Horse, made restless in the night by reason of the sounds of revelry in his Master's Palatial Mansion at the other end of the lot, slipped his Halter, and in the absence of the Hostler, who was in the basement making love to the Chambermaid, he strolled leisurely out into the back yard and came to the House.

Peering into the windows, which were open for Ventilation, the Horse heard the conversation of numberless Nice Young Men present, and old ones also, and observed, too, the general style of them. The more he heard the less favorably he became impressed, and when One at a rear Window blew a cloud of Cigarette smoke into his face the limit was reached, and the Horse boldly walked up through the port-cochere and was half way into the large and elegant hall of the Mansion, when his Master, hearing the unusual disturbance, came forth.

"Get out!" he exclaimed angrily, "what in Thunder are you doing here?"

"Going into Society," replied the Horse in a soft, pleasant voice.

"Well, you cannot come in here. This is no place for you."

"Why not?" inquired the Horse very respectfully.

"Because it isn't. You belong in the stable!"

"Rats," answered the Horse, forgetting his training and manners; Society relegates a Horse to the Stable when it welcomes so many Donkeys to the Parlor."

His Master was so greatly shocked by this heretical utterance that he caught up a heavy Whip from the Hat rack and larruped the Horse until he was really glad to get back into his Stall.

Moral—Don't talk about your kinfolks.—Detroit Free Press.

Light and Shade.

Miss Mary Maguire has a fine color this autumn.

But she shouldn't have kept her eyes open all summer.—Life.

A Combination Sure to Win.

When the three men met on the street corner it was unanimously decided that something should be done to "raise the wind," and the tall man thought he had the proper plan.

"You've got a good pair of lungs," he said to the heavy set man.

"I can make myself heard a mile," said the heavy set man proudly.

"Good! And you," to the little thin dyspeptic, "have a strong imagination."

"Worse than any opium smoker's," replied the little dyspeptic.

"Good again!" exclaimed the tall man. "I've got an old press and a font of type, and that's all we need. We'll set to work now, and next Sunday afternoon we'll get out an extra Howler or Bazoo or something similar with a full account of the triple murder, the death of Queen Victoria, and the shooting of the czar of Russia. An imagination to concoct the story, a press to print it and lungs to sell it! Gentlemen, the combination can't be beaten."—Chicago Tribune.

Is Marriage a Failure.

'Rastus Snickers, colored, has only been married a few months, but he, nevertheless, is already disgusted with matrimony. He applied to Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter to have the sacred tie untied, but was told that "dem whom de Lor had jined together no man kin put asunder."

"Don't you lub her no moah?" queried Whangdoodle.

"Hit's a curus bizness, dis heah tender pashun," replied 'Rastus. "When I fust married dat ar gal I felt mos' like eati her up, but after I was married to he awhile I was mad at myself fer not doi it."—Texas Siftings.

Colored Mendacity.

There was a large boiler of scalding water over a fire in the yard and several black imps playing near it. Suddenly a shrill voice was heard from inside the shanty:

"You George Washington, keep away from dat ar biler. D'rectly you is gwine ter upset the biler and scald yerself to def, an' w'en you is, you'll be de fust one to say, 'T'wasn't me, mammy.'"—Texas Siftings.

In the Milk Market.

"The doctor has ordered my little girl pure fresh milk. What do you charge a quart?"

Farmer—Ten cents.

"Very well. I'll bring her here every day so she can get it just from the cow."

"Oh, in that case it will be twenty cents a quart."—Philadelphia Times.

Taken to Tom's Literature.

Harry—What is Dick doing now?

Tom—He seems to have taken to literature.

Harry—Indeed. I hadn't heard of it.

Tom—Yes, he borrowed a lot of books from me some time ago and hasn't returned them since.—Yankee Blade.

Serves Him Right.

"Have you got any stale bread?" asked Johnny Fizzletop, sticking his head into a baker's shop.

"Yes, I have five or six loaves."

"Serves you right. Why didn't you sell 'em while they were fresh."—Texas Siftings.

VARIOUS VERSES.

Happy Ideas Put Together in Metrical Measure.

Owned a pair o' skates one't!—traded
For 'em—Stropped 'em on, and waded
Up and down the crick, a waitin
Tel she'd freeze up fit fer skatin.
Mildest winter I remember!—
More like spring than winter weather!—
Didn't frost tel 'bout December—
Git up airly, ketch a feather
Of it, maybe, 'crost the winder—
Sunshine swinge it like a cinder!

Well! I waited!—And kep' waitin!
Couldn't see my money's wo'th in
Them air skates and was no skatin,
Ner no hint o' ice ner nothin!
So, one day—along in airly
Spring—I swopped 'em off—and barely
Closed the dicker, 'fore the weather
Natchurly jest slipped the ratchet!—
And—crick—tail face—all together—
Froze so tight cat couldn't scratch it!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.

A Spoiled Romance.

I took her hand,
She did not blush, nor hang her head,
But looked right up at me instead;
'Twas in a little euchre game,
She didn't understand the name
Of any card, and went astray,
And just to show her how to play—
I took her hand.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Her Ma Does the Washing.

A witching maid
At tennis played,
In a gown all frills and lace;
Her hands were neat,
Her feet petite,
Her form was full of grace,

But sad to confess,
When that white dress
Needs washing, there comes a-stealing
O'er the maid so sweet,
With hands petite,
That dreadful "tired feeling."

—New York Herald.

Marguerites.

When Reginald with Marguerite
One morning through the meadow strolled,
He found a blossom at her feet,
With petals white and heart of gold.
Within her hand the bloom he laid,
And said, "'Tis yours, what is it sweet?"
Then, laughingly, replied the maid,
"My daisy is a marguerite."

Then Reginald to Marguerite
A sweet, old fashioned story told;
And all his fortune, at her feet,
He offered for her heart of gold.
The maiden promised him to wed,
Then, in half roguish praise, he
From face to flower glanced, and said,
"My Marguerite's a daisy."

M. Thayer Rouse in Boston Transcript.

Sweet Things

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."
Especially when love is fed
On loads of sweet ice cream.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

They Are Here.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,"
When poems that begin like this
From all sides do appear.

—Boston News.

Theory and Practice.

A pessimist was tired of life,
"If some one came to strike me dead,
I wouldn't move to help myself;
This earth is such a bore," he said.

Just then a fly lit on his nose,
"Confound the flies! They do beat all."
And the life tired man didn't rest until
He'd smashed that buzzer 'gainst the wall.

—Newark Standard.

The Mountain Air.

When to the mountains last I went
To breathe reviving air,
I was convinced that nowhere else
'Tis needed more than there;
For when the clerk brought his account
With many a flourish writ,
I gasped and panted for fresh air,
And cubic yards of it.

—New York Herald.

The Reason Why.

The day had passed in happy play
And twilight comes anon,
And fretfulness asserts her sway
When sunlit hours are gone,
And mother lays her work away
And holds out her arms for one.

Her baby boy, who always found
Within that sheltering nest,
When childish troubles most abound,
A refuge and a rest,
He does not come, although his eyes
His willingness confessed.

"Come, darling!" Mother's cooing tone
Woos softly, but in vain.
"I've lost my baby," does she moan
In simulated pain.
"No, no, mamma, but I have grown
And won't be small again."

"But yesterday," his mamma said,
"Upon my lap you sat;
We read of 'Toddlekins' and 'Fred'
And the 'Boofer pussy cat;'
Of Baby Bunting's ways we read
And the mischief he was at."

The little head drooped very low
And rested on my knee;
And a little voice spoke soft and slow,
In a confidential key:
"But yesterday, mamma, you know,
I wasn't in pants, you see."

—Babyhood.

As Good as Dead.

Bixby—I wonder what Mrs. Outosight will do with her husbac l's life insurance.

Mrs. Bixby—Why, does he die?

Bixby—Well, he isn't exactly dead yet, but he takes part in a balloon ascension on Monday.—Lima (O.) News.

One Thing Sure.

He (salesman)—Dear little hand (absent mindedly), I wonder if it will wash.

She (con spirito)—No, sir, it won't—not it won't scrub either; but if you want it to play the piano, it's yours, George.—Life.

Not Dry Goods Measure.

Young Housewife—I think we'll have some eels for the first course, cook.

Cook—How much shall I get, mum?

Young Housewife—Oh, about three yards will do, I should think.—Drake's Magazine.

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