



In Little Folks' Eyes.

How strange it would be if the pixies came down,
And set up a shop in the midst of our town;
And sold to us spectacles, through which the guise
Of all things would seem as in little folks' eyes.

In little folks' eyes, O, what dreams will come true!
How long is a lifetime! What things one will do!
How wealthy one is with a purse of small size;
For pennies are dollars in little folks' eyes.

How easy it is from all danger to flee
To a harbor of safety, on somebody's knee!
How quickly soft kisses and low lullabies
Will clear away troubles in little folks' eyes.

Such wee clouds of darkness make everywhere night;
Such wee glints of sunshine make everything bright;
And birthdays come slowly, for time seldom flies
But crawls toward the future, in little folks' eyes.

Whata great world of singers we'd have before long
If these magical glasses were sold for a song!
O, clowns are so funny, and sages so wise,
And hearts are so honest in little folks' eyes.
—S. Walter Norris in the Youth's Companion.

Who Owned the Pew.

"If you had come and asked me for them, you might have had all you wanted, and welcome." This, if story-tellers are to be trusted, is what farmers always say when they find bad boys robbing their orchards. And it is true, beyond question, that people in general like to have their rights as proprietors respected, even in the most trifling matters. So it was with an Irishman of whom a reporter for the Chicago Post tells a little story.

There was a special celebration of some kind in the church where he owned a pew. The building was crowded, and just as the service began this proprietor made his way down the aisle to the door of the pew, which was only two seats from the front. In it were two or three ladies, strangers to him.

There was still abundance of room near the head of the seat, but he stopped at the door, laid one hand upon the back of the pew next in front, and with an impressive wave of the other said, in a voice large enough to be heard over half the church:

"Come out of that now!"

The ladies, surprised and greatly confused, obeyed with all haste, but no sooner was the last one out in the aisle than the man waved his hand graciously.

"Now in wid yez again," he remarked, louder than before, "an' make yerselves ter home. Oi only wanted yez tew know who owned the pew."

His tone and gesture and smile were so polite and reassuring that the ladies resumed their seats, and the priest went on with the service.

A Washington Bear-Hunt.

Early one morning in May a black boy, going to his work, was passing along the Pierce's Mill road, near Washington. Paying little attention to what was before him, he suddenly found himself confronted by a large grizzly bear. The boy did what almost

as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily, the bear did not follow, and he reached a house and gave an alarm.

The news soon spread that a grizzly bear had escaped from the Zoological garden. It would be hard to tell how the news got abroad, because every one was afraid to go out of doors. People barricaded their doors and windows, and kept their children in the house. The schools in the neighborhood were without pupils.

The superintendent of the Zoological garden heard, at any rate, that his lost bear had been seen on the Pierce's Mill road, and accompanied by several well-armed volunteers, he started in pursuit of the animal.

They came upon him not far from the place where the boy had seen him. The bear regarded his pursuers indifferently. The superintendent was led to hope that he might be captured alive.

"Let's surround him," said the chief of the hunters.

They proceeded to form a ring about the grizzly. This proceeding infuriated him at once, and he made a ferocious attack upon one of the hunters.

But before he could reach the man, all the other hunters rushed bravely to the assistance of their threatened comrade, whereupon the grizzly, seeing himself outnumbered, turned tail with a growl, and ran to a tree near by.

Once more the crowd crept upon the bear, and then the animal rushed valiantly at them all. This time several men fired at once, and the young bear's brief period of liberty was brought to an end.

In One Word.

A few words are sometimes more telling than a long harangue. So thought Miss Phemy Grey, who often remarked that, "for her part, she couldn't see how folks felt t' throw away their words, no more'n they would their clothes or their garding sass."

She and her brother Liphlet, with whom she lived, were indeed a saving pair. Liphlet, however, was not wise in his economies, while Miss Phemy knew just where to save and where to spend. Liphlet's "bargains" were seldom regarded as such by her, and she was frequently obliged to "keep a tight rein on her tongue," lest she should say something to anger him.

On one occasion Liphlet bought a load of wood "cheap," from a man who had the reputation of being rather sharp. It proved—as Miss Phemy forewarned her brother that it would—most unsatisfactory; but having said her say once, she was not a person to reiterate it.

One cold day Liphlet came into the living room and found Miss Phemy seated in front of the fireplace, in which some of the logs of his purchase were cheerlessly spluttering. There was no such steady, comfortable blaze as he had been accustomed to see.

"Well, Phemy," said he, with an attempt at gaiety, "so you're settin' in front of the fire. How does th' wood seem t' burn, on the whole?"

"Well, Liphlet," said Miss Phemy, drawing her shawl a little closer about her, "it consumes!"

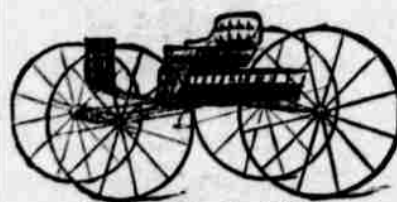
There was nothing more to be said, and Liphlet beat a retreat.

When He "Knew It All."

Some old people who have strong and decided views as to the intense egotism of youth, are open to the charge of possessing a good supply of that quality which years do not always eliminate.

One old gentleman who is well past the "three-score years and ten" allotted to mortal man was reasoning, not long ago, with a youthful friend who has yet to see his twenty-fifth year.

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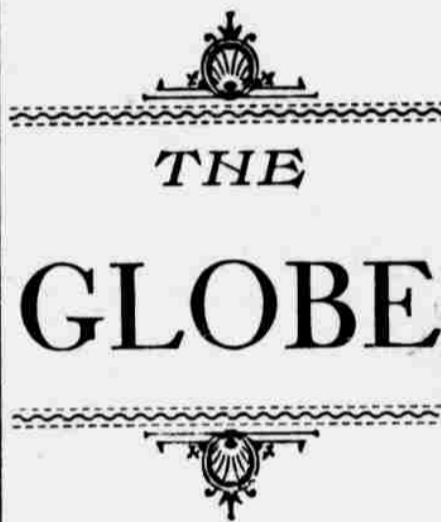


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