

Editor's Drawer.

SOME races seem to have been "measured"—to use a sartorial expression—for the climates they occupy. The people suit their climates, and are in accord with them. This is true of Egypt, Italy, France, the Sandwich Islands, as examples. We in America are a chance lot—it is said with all respect—coming from everywhere, and bringing or inheriting a hundred different predilections about climate. We took our climate as we found it, without any reference to its adaptability to us. Born with these hereditary prejudices, it happens that a large portion of the population is more or less dissatisfied; many always long for the sun and the easy-going ways of the tropics, while others pine for more northern rigors. It seems a pity that people in this small world can not pass their brief lives in regions congenial to them. However it comes about, there is more grumbling about the weather in the United States than in any other country on the globe except England. And as our climate has immense general advantages over most others, the reason of the dissatisfaction must be inherent in our composite population. The Egyptians, the Italians—indeed, most other peoples—even the Germans, who have abundant occasion for mutiny, never rise in rebellion about their weather. It is so important with us that we had to make it a government department, and invent a bureau for it.

But whatever may be the general insubordination and discontent in regard to most of the months—always excepting an affection for June—there is universal consent that October in the United States is just about right, and that a year made up of Octobers would be a thing fit to be incorporated in our Constitution. The reasons for the partiality to it are many and obvious. Some like it because it is the month in which they can get back to the city from the country. Others enjoy the tone of gentle melancholy that pervades the closing scenes of the year—a sort of sadness without personality, that is as pleasing as any excitement of joy. Some find in it a tonic that stimulates to briskness and business. But what especially distinguishes the month with us is the quality of the atmosphere. The fault with our scenery usually is that it is too much "out-doors," too unked, undoubtedly, sharp, and photographic. Our blazing sun and clear air do not, for some reason, give us the same effects that dry air and sunlight produce on the Nile. In October, with ripened vegetation, superb color of forests, and a certain humideness in the atmosphere, which is not felt as dampness, the sky takes a tender hue, the fields a poetic light, the hills are draped, but not concealed, and we see nature through a liquid medium that invests every view with the charm that nearly all the year round characterizes Southern Italy and Sicily. We nev-

er show our English cousin—who is in rapture with all he beholds, and immensely enjoys *Our American Cousin* on the stage—a landscape in any other month of the year without saying, "You ought to see this in October." We think that if everybody could see the United States in October, the rest of the world would be deserted. It is our show month. Nothing but our national modesty, and a recollection of the other months, prevents our bragging about it as it deserves.

If we are united in the opinion as to which is our best month, we are equally of one mind who was the greatest man that the United States has produced. That has become a traditional article of belief. But the question now is, Who was or is our second greatest man? This is a question which the Drawer refers to the autumn and winter debating societies for solution. It will be a good exercise for the young gentlemen and young ladies—for we remember what age we are living in, that we are living in a grand and awful time, and perhaps it was a woman—to bring forward their candidates for the second honor, and to refresh the mind of their audiences with the virtues of these rival claims to greatness. The question is an old one, for we learn in Judge Curtis's able *Life of James Buchanan* that it was asked in 1833 in the Alexander Institution in Moscow. In one of his letters Mr. Buchanan says that he heard the boys examined there, and to the question, Who was the greatest man that America had produced? a boy promptly answered, "Washington." But on the second question, who was the next in greatness, the boy hesitated, and the question never has been answered. The same boy, who might have settled this question if he had not hesitated, was asked who was the celebrated ambassador to Paris, and instantly answered, as if he had been in a civil service examination, Ptolemy Philadelphus. But he at once corrected himself, and said Franklin. And the Drawer thinks that Franklin wouldn't be a bad second to start on.

In this *Life of Buchanan* a story is told in regard to the famous French treaty of 1831 which has a high historic interest. The treaty with France, by which that government agreed to pay twenty-five million francs in liquidation of certain claims of American citizens (which our government still dishonestly keeps back), was made in 1831, and ratified February 2, 1832. The first installment of the amount due became payable February 3, 1833, and our government drew a bill of exchange for it, which the French treasurer refused to pay, because the Chambers had made no appropriation for it. The French government shilly-shallied about the matter, and delayed to bring it before the Chambers, and in his annual Message,

in December, 1834, President Jackson, to the great credit of our country abroad, made severe comments upon the course of all branches of the French government, and recommended a law authorizing reprisals on French property, in case the appropriation should not be made at the ensuing session of the Chambers. The secret history of such collisions between governments, says Judge Curtis, not infrequently throws an unexpected light upon their public acts. When General Jackson was preparing this Message some of his friends in Washington were very anxious that he should not be too peremptory on the subject of the French payment. At their request, Mr. Justice Catron, of the Supreme Court, waited upon the President, and advised a moderate tone. The President took from his drawer an autograph letter from King Louis Philippe, and handed it to the judge to read. In this letter the King represented that a war between the United States and France (which, as one of the concessions of the treaty, had been favored with the right to import wines upon the terms of the treaty) would be especially disastrous to the wine-growing districts, and that the interests of those provinces could be relied upon to oppose it, but that it was necessary that the alternative of war should be distinctly presented as certain to follow a final refusal of the Chambers to make the payment demanded. The King therefore urged General Jackson to adopt a very decided tone in his Message, being confident, if he did so, the opposition would give way, and war would be avoided. We may add that in all this transaction Louis Philippe appears weak and double-dealing.

Another anecdote concerning this Message was communicated to Judge Curtis from an entirely authentic source. After the Message had been written some of its expressions were softened by a member of the cabinet, before the MS. was sent to the printer, without the President's knowledge. When it was in type the confidential proof-reader of the *Globe* office took the proof-sheets to the President, and he afterward said that he never before knew what profane swearing was. General Jackson promptly restored his own language to the proof-sheet.

At the recent meeting of Episcopalians at Woodbury, Connecticut, to celebrate the centennial of the installation in this country of Bishop Seabury, the first Episcopal bishop, it occurred to the assembly that it would be fitting to hold a social session, perhaps drink a cup of tea, and spend an evening in the ancient house in the town in which Bishop Seabury lived. The house was occupied by a very old lady, and a committee of clergymen was appointed (on which, we believe, was Bishop Williams), to confer with her. The committee went to the house, and had a formal interview with the occupant, informing her of their feeling in regard to the almost sacred associations

of the house, and their desire, in honor to the memory of the good bishop, to meet there, assuring her that they would give her as little trouble as possible. The venerable woman heard the case fully stated, and thought there would be no objection—in fact, they were welcome to come. “But,” she added, “you must understand one thing, gentlemen—I am a strict Methodist, and there must be no dancing.”

CONNECTICUT appears to run to semi-religious stories. At a dinner party a good deacon was assigned to the head of the table. Feeling that a blessing should be asked, and too modest to officiate himself, he ran his eye down the table until it rested on a man with a very solemn countenance. “Will you ask a blessing, sir?”

The man addressed put his hand behind his best ear and shouted: “I would thank you to repeat your remark. I am so — deaf that I didn't hear you.”

STILL about dinner. The Drawer would not believe this story about an alleged Bostonian if it had not happened forty years ago at the hospitable and elegant mansion of a United States District Judge in Southern Indiana. The judge was blessed with a wife who was one of the most charming women of her time, and the house was famous in those days for its fine dinners. On one occasion, among the dozen guests, was a Boston man, whose chief recommendation seemed to be his city-cut clothes, who was always making himself disagreeable by comparisons between the cultured Bostonians and the uncultured Westerners. He was hardly seated at the table, next to the engaging hostess, when he poked his fork (it hurts us to write this about Boston) into a strange-looking dish near him, and with a look of curiosity exclaimed, “What have we here?”

“In my old Kentucky home,” said the lady, “we used to call it bouacapper.” (It was a queer dish for a dinner table.)

“Ah!” said the Boston man; “we, in my old State of Maine home” (thank God! he was not born in Boston), “used to feed that stuff to the hogs.”

“Indeed,” quietly remarked the beautiful Mrs. H—, “we do here in Indiana sometimes. Will you be helped to some?”

PRESIDENT LINCOLN CAUGHT NAPPING.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, as is well known, was never a great stickler for ceremony or official etiquette. On the 15th of July, 1863, he lay stretched on a lounge in his private office in the White House, revising his proclamation for a general Thanksgiving-day on the 6th of August. The turning-point of the rebellion had been reached in the battle of Gettysburg twelve days before, and the surrender of Vicksburg on the following day, and the President felt that he was entitled to a little rest. He had stretched himself on the lounge in a com-

fortable but rather ungraceful position, and with the rough draught of the proclamation held above his head, was revising it critically, and pencilling a few unimportant changes in its phraseology, when an attendant, a young man of sixteen, unceremoniously entered and gave him a card.

Without rising, the President read the note on the card, and said: "Pshaw! She here again? I told her last week that I could not interfere in her case."

The visitor was a lady who had been twice dismissed from the Treasury Department, and re-instated after the first dismissal on the recommendation of the President. He was unwilling to interfere again, as he was confident that she did not deserve leniency.

"I can not see her," he said, impatiently. "Get rid of her anyway. Tell her I am asleep, or anything you like."

Quickly returning to the lady in an adjacent room, this exceedingly bright boy said to her, "The President told me to tell you that he is asleep."

The lad's eyes sparkled as she responded, "Ah, he says he is asleep, eh? Well, will you be kind enough to return and ask him when he intends to wake up?"

We believe that this was the only time when President Lincoln was caught napping.

F. A. W.

THE WAYS OF WEYBRIDGE.

LAST summer, on vacation while away,
I whiled away my time beside the Wey;
Not by the road, although I said the way,
But by the river, spelled with *e*, not *a*.
Weybridge—a place in Surrey, by-the-way—
A place for staying, not a place to weigh,
Except the merits of the hosts you meet,
And mine I know would take a host to beat.
His genial face spoke welcome without words—
No skim-milk wheys, his way was of the curds.
So to his wife, his children—and the rays
Shone out as bright as twenty Milky Ways.

DURING the Indian war of 1882, General Sherman paid a visit to Camp Apache, in Arizona. While there a huge red-skin, who was captain of the scouts, followed the General wherever he went, and repeatedly begged as a present one of the small cannons standing on the parade-ground. Finally the general impatiently turned to the Indian, exclaiming: "What do you want of the cannon, anyway? Do you want to kill my soldiers with it?"

"No," replied the Indian in his guttural voice; "want to kill cow-boys with it. Kill soldiers with a club."

Frontiersmen will be quick to find the moral of this true story.

THERE are a great many lessons to be drawn out of the story of the Muncy dog which is sent to the Drawer by a clergyman in one of our largest cities. One of them is that the father of the heroine will do well to keep a sharp watch upon a child of so much talent and in-

genuity, or she will engage herself as the editor of a daily newspaper before she passes her fifth birthday.

She is a little girl, just past four years old. She had been greatly excited by the story of a Muncy dog which once tried to eat her papa up. Now it so happened that burned matches were a drug in the house, and a proposal made to the child struck her fancy exactly. It was to gather up all the burned matches, put them in a place provided, and keep them until she went to Muncy, and then to cram them down the Muncy dog's throat.

For some days the interest was unflagging. It looked bad for the Muncy dog. Burned matches were at a premium, and the receptacle was well-nigh overstocked. But soon it was evident the novelty had worn off. Pride of consistency, however, kept up appearances for some time longer. But evidently a mental struggle was in progress as to an honorable retreat from the match business. The knot was at length cut in this fashion:

The child seemed to be intently poring over the morning paper, when suddenly she thus addressed the family seated around: "That Muncy dog that tried to eat my dear papa up is dead. I just read it in the paper. We won't want any more burned matches."

IN the Drawer for May, 1883, says a correspondent, are some questions and answers from a competitive examination in England which are very amusing, and especially so to me, as I have just been laughing over a somewhat similar list which originated in this country, in the great State of Illinois. My authority is Professor —, the new County Superintendent of Schools, who told me he received the answers from county teachers—mainly men—who came to him expecting to renew the *first-grade* certificates under which they had taught in this county last year. The replies were received at different times during two or three weeks, and were nearly all from different teachers. Do you wonder that I feel that I am doing a missionary work for the cause of education with every book which I sell in such a country, and where people tell me that they have decided "not to *proscribe* for the *cyclopedo*"?

Question. Name three living American poets?

Answer. Shakspeare, Byron, and Longfellow. One thought that Shakspeare was dead.

Q. When did he die?

A. About twenty years ago.

Q. Where did he die?

A. I think in Indiana.

Q. Who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?

A. Lord Byron.

Q. Who wrote *Paradise Lost*?

A. Mrs. Stowe.

One thought a bicycle was a musical instrument. Another did not know what a telephone was. Another thought Illinois was entitled to ten United States Senators, and New York to twelve, and this man said that he

voted for the Illinois Senators last fall. One did not know that Congress had been in session the past winter, and had not heard of the Star Route trial, or the floods in this or foreign countries.

Professor ——— said that his gravity entirely gave way when he put out the word "Frelinghuysen," and one of the teachers replied, "I think that this is the name of a *machine*." (Perhaps that teacher may have had a dim idea of a *cabinet machine* or a *secretary*.)

J. P. C.

CAPTAIN SEABORN.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Our ship went down, and not a boat
Outrode the storm's intensity;
But I alone was left afloat
Upon the blue immensity.
My raft and I together lashed,
The wild seas racing under us,
Till land uprose, and breakers dashed
About us blind and thunderous.

Still like Mazeppa to his horse
I clung, while half submerging me,
On foaming shoals with fearful force
The winds and waves were urging me.
I swooned; I woke; my dim eyes glanced
Upon a hideous rabblement
Of islanders that round me danced
With frantic yells and babblement.

Half drowned they dragged me from the sea
Up the low beach, and seating me
Against a skull-encircled tree,
Made ghastly signs of eating me.
The frizzled women crouched to look
My body over curiously;
The tattooed braves above me shook
Their battle-axes furiously.

Forth from my sailor's pouch, to buy
My life of those fell savages,
I drew such slight effects as I
Had saved from the sea's ravages.
With thimble, coins, carved ivory ball,
I flattered and invited them;
A rusted jackknife, most of all,
Astonished and delighted them.

Then fruits they brought and mats they spread,
With singular celerity;
Not death I gained, but gifts instead,
And cannibal prosperity.
I lived with them and learned their speech;
I curbed their fierce brutality;
And strove with simple truths to reach
Their dim spirituality.

The arts of peace, the love of right,
I tried to teach; economy
Of health; what makes the day and night—
Some notion of astronomy;
Treatment of neighbors at a feast—
More genial ways of toasting them;
To love their fellow-men, at least
A little, *without* roasting them.

No white sail found those lonely bays,
Wide rings of reefs defending them;
And so I lived my savage days,
With little hopes of ending them,
Three frightful years! Though loved by some,
A priest-led faction bated me,
Until it seemed that martyrdom,
For all my pains, awaited me.

Fearful of change, and not content
With foiling and defeating me,
My enemies once more were bent
On finishing and eating me.
And so, not choosing to assist
At their proposed festivities
(All the more reason to resist
Their cannibal proclivities),

With scant provisions snatched in haste,
My small canoe encumbering,
Into the dim sea's rolling waste,
While all the isle was slumbering.
One midnight when the low late moon
Across the shoals was shimmering,
I paddled from the still lagoon
And channel darkly glimmering.

Five days adrift! the indolent
Warm waves about me weltering:
The suns were fierce, my food was spent,
And I was starved and sweltering;
When, ho! a ship! How strange to meet
Fair manners and urbanity!
How strange my native speech! how sweet
The accents of humanity!

Thus all my efforts to redeem
That sinister society
Were left behind, a nightmare dream
Of horror and anxiety.
My changeful life was full and fleet;
But long the hope attended me
To see that land again, and greet
The chiefs who once befriended me.

So, as I sailed those seas once more,
When many years had passed away,
My ship dropped anchor off the shore
Where I in youth was cast away.
Amid the reefs we rowed to land,
And, eager as a lover is
To seek his mistress, to the strand
I strode to make discoveries.

Less changed than my own life appeared
The wondrous island scenery:
Near by the groves of cocoa reared
Their fans of waving greenery;
There the old shaggy, cane-thatched town,
And, habited still sparingly,
The natives, who came straggling down,
And heard my questions staringly.

With signs of woe their arms they flung
When I, in broken sentences
Of their well-nigh forgotten tongue,
Inquired for old acquaintances.
"Dead! dead!" my friendly chiefs, and they
Who from the isle had driven me.
But when I spoke my sobriquet—
The name the tribe had given me—

'Twas strange, the sudden eagerness
And zeal with which they greeted it.
"Son-of-the-Great-Sea-Mother? Yes!"
They joyfully repeated it.
"He's there!" they pointed. Bound to know
What this amazing blunder meant,
Forthwith I followed to a low
Rude door in utter wonderment.

Their temple, lined with sacred stones
And heathen curiosities:
Dried birds and fishes, reptiles' bones,
And other such monstrosities;
Relics and charms strung round the place,
Trophies of fights and scrimmages;
And propped behind the central space,
The rudest of carved images,

Which I myself with shells and knife
 Had shaped in my captivity—
 A task to keep my heart and life
 From purposeless passivity.
 The mouth too wide, too short the nose—
 How well I recollected it!
 Now here, a grinning idol, those
 Sad wretches had erected it;

Breeched and bedizened in a style
 Preposterous and laughable!
 I gazed, the guardian priest the while
 Eying me, fat and affable.
 Swarthy and sleek, with unctuous smirk,
 Admitting me to see it, he
 Called it great magic handiwork,
 And image of their deity!

"Out of the ocean, in his sleep"
 ('Twas hard to listen seriously)
 "He came to us, and in the deep
 Vanished again mysteriously.
 He taught our people" (thus the priest's
 Narration is translatable)
 "To discontinue at their feasts
 Some customs he found hatable.

"Not to hunt men, although we were,
 As now, a strong and bold people,
 Nor beat our women, nor inter
 Alive our sick and old people;
 To have more clothes and fewer wives,
 With houses more commodious;
 To speak true words, and make our lives
 In other ways less odious.

"These changes we found politic,
 Though backward in assuming them;
 So now we leave our old and sick
 To starve *before* inhuming them.
 While yet some rich men on the coast
 Practice the old polygamy,
 The poor have one wife, or at most
 Confine themselves to bigamy.

"And though some warriors of renown
 Continue anthropophagous,
 'Tis rare that human flesh goes down
 The low-caste man's oesophagus.
 Woman we seldom beat while she
 Is faithful and obedient;
 We only hunt an enemy,
 And lie when it's expedient.

"Old men remember, still a few,
 How he appeared and talked with them;
 Though not till he was gone they knew
 A deity had walked with them.
 This image in his hands became
 The very form and face of him;
 So now we call it by his name,
 And worship it in place of him;

"And in our sorceries draw from it
 Responses and admonishment."
 All which I heard with infinite
 Misgiving and astonishment—
 That fable thus should swallow fact,
 And truth to myth degenerate,
 And I by wooden proxy act
 The god for tribes to venerate!

I said, "The being you adore,
 Who came and went in mystery,
 Was but a sailor washed ashore";
 And told the simple history.
 "My words and work your prophets foiled,
 They treated me despitefully,
 And I escaped." The priest recoiled,
 And glared upon me frightfully.

"And as for this grim log"—I felt
 Such absolute disgust with it,
 I twirled my walking-stick and dealt
 An inconsiderate thrust with it.
 "Taboo! taboo!" Too late the call:
 The clumsy idol fell at once
 Against the mummies on the wall,
 The rattling skins and skeletons.

The priest, in horror at my speech,
 Had glared, aghast and stammering;
 But now he raised his warning screech,
 And half the tribe came clamoring.
 My comrades hurried me away,
 While close behind us clattering,
 The mob pursued us to the bay,
 And clubs and stones fell pattering.

Embarking, we in haste let fall
 The gifts which I had brought for them;
 But more than this—alas for all
 My hopes!—I could do naught for them.
 Nor could I safely land among
 The clans of that vicinity,
 Because I had with impious tongue
 Denied my own divinity.

THE Drawer would not credit this story, illustrating the business aptitude of the gentle sex, if it did not come from a church member:

A young wife at the East who lost her husband by death telegraphed the sad tidings to her father in Chicago in these succinct words: "Dear John died this morning at ten. Loss fully covered by insurance."

A JUDGE of one of the judicial districts of Wisconsin having resigned before the expiration of his term, his place on the bench was temporarily filled by an excellent lawyer, who acquitted himself so well that he was considered a good candidate at the coming election. The County Board of Supervisors decided to indorse the Governor's selection, and at its meeting for this purpose, a Hibernian member, who had been, however it might from appearances seem otherwise, a stanch friend of the former judge, electrified the public by producing the following:

MANIFESTO.

THE undersigned freeholders, residents & tax payer's of B— County, State of Wisconsin, serving said County, do hereby, having considered, contemplated, and maturely resolved to, do declare as follows:

TO THE HONORED JUDGE OF SAID COURT—
 JUDGE GEO. H. M—

First—that as to his jurisprudence there is, and we believe cannot be any question.

Second—that, as man, and human being, we seek his equal. So, as to his views, in matters in law, generally as specially, publicly—the same imbuing us with the belief that he certainly must be so privately. So as to his manners and general genial deportment and demeanour; all and all taking as thorough integrity of character and sound reasoning, and consequent unbiased judgment.

Third—(rendering no judgment nor giving any opinion or as to any former occupant of our honored seat of Circuit Judgeship) that we admire the tact, rules and general ameliorating persistency in urging the matters before him to termination, as we assume, knowing the enormous expense to the people of this court if tardiness and negligence predominate; that we ad-

mire his condescension to the low as well as his *per-emptore* to the high. So in general phrase understood.

Fourth—that upon mature consideration of these facts, we hereby respectfully lay before the Hon. Judge G. H. M— our behest: That he will condescend to be our candidate for the 10th Judicial Circuit of the State of W. at the next election, to be held the first Tuesday in April of this year.

Respectfully,

MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly in the west,

The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the nest,

The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to and fro,

And tinkle-tinkle up the lane the lowing cattle go;
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on them as they come—

On them and on the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that I were he.

And yet, upon maturer thought, I do not—no, sirree! Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there,

With a liver pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair;

To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest a panic come—

Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

And the rich man murmurs to himself: "Would I give all my pelf

To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.

Over the grass that's full of ants and chill with dew to go,

With a stone bruise upon either heel and a splinter in my toe!

Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam

Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home."

G. T. L.

YES, sah. We quite agree with you, sah, that there is a sort of delicious frankness, sah, about the following that will be appreciated beyond the bounds of West Virginia:

Some five or six years ago, when the Green-back party held at least some strength in the West and South, one of their Columbian orators delivered an address for his party at Winfield, Putnam County, West Virginia. When in the zenith of his oration he was stopped by a powerful voice among the listeners.

"Look here, sah. May I ask you a question, sah?"

"Yes, sah; you may, sah."

"Well, sah, I want to know, sah, if you are not the man, sah, that I had down har in jail, sah, for hog-stealing, sah?"

"Yes, sah, I am, sah," came the response; "but I got clar, sah."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THERE are two charming little girls, just between the nursery and the school-room, orderly, well-disciplined, and studious, whose circumstances open to them every pleasure and experience proper to childhood. These demure

and tender-hearted maidens have not exactly exhausted every resource, but they have begun to entertain "views of life," and to test their knowledge. Not long ago the children of the gardener of the family, four or five of them, were all down at once with scarlet fever, and after a few weeks of anxiety they all recovered. When their recovery was assured, one of the little girls received the news with discriminating thoughtfulness, and, after a pause, remarked to her aunt,

"I'm rather disappointed."

"Disappointed! Why, what in the world do you mean?"

"Well, you see, auntie, we've never had the experience of a funeral."

Several years ago some benevolent ladies of Louisville organized a Sunday-school, and found the children ready for instruction. A strange teacher, taking charge of a class for the day, asked, "Who made the world?" One little fellow answered: "Miss F— L—, the regular teacher."

A girl of four years, who said she didn't remember much about her birth, but did know she was born in heaven, for she did 'member of walking in the golden streets, and didn't walk very well because she was so little, not only shows the best memory on record, but evidence of her heavenly origin in her elucidation of the subject of forgiveness. She had been punished by her mother, and confided her troubles to her father when he came home, who told her that God is not pleased with naughty little girls. "But," she argued, "He likes little girls who will forgive, don't He? And I am ready to forgive mamma."

The awful prevalence of pie in this country is illustrated by the remark sent to the Draver by a grandfather, proud of his grandchild of three years who is visiting him. Enthroned in her high chair, she waited at table for the appearance of the dessert. The family pie was duly set before grandma, and baby's eyes were directed that way, when a small pie made for her Majesty was slipped before her. Equal to the occasion, her eyes dancing with delight, she burst out with, "Oh, auntie, I'm mamma of this pie!"

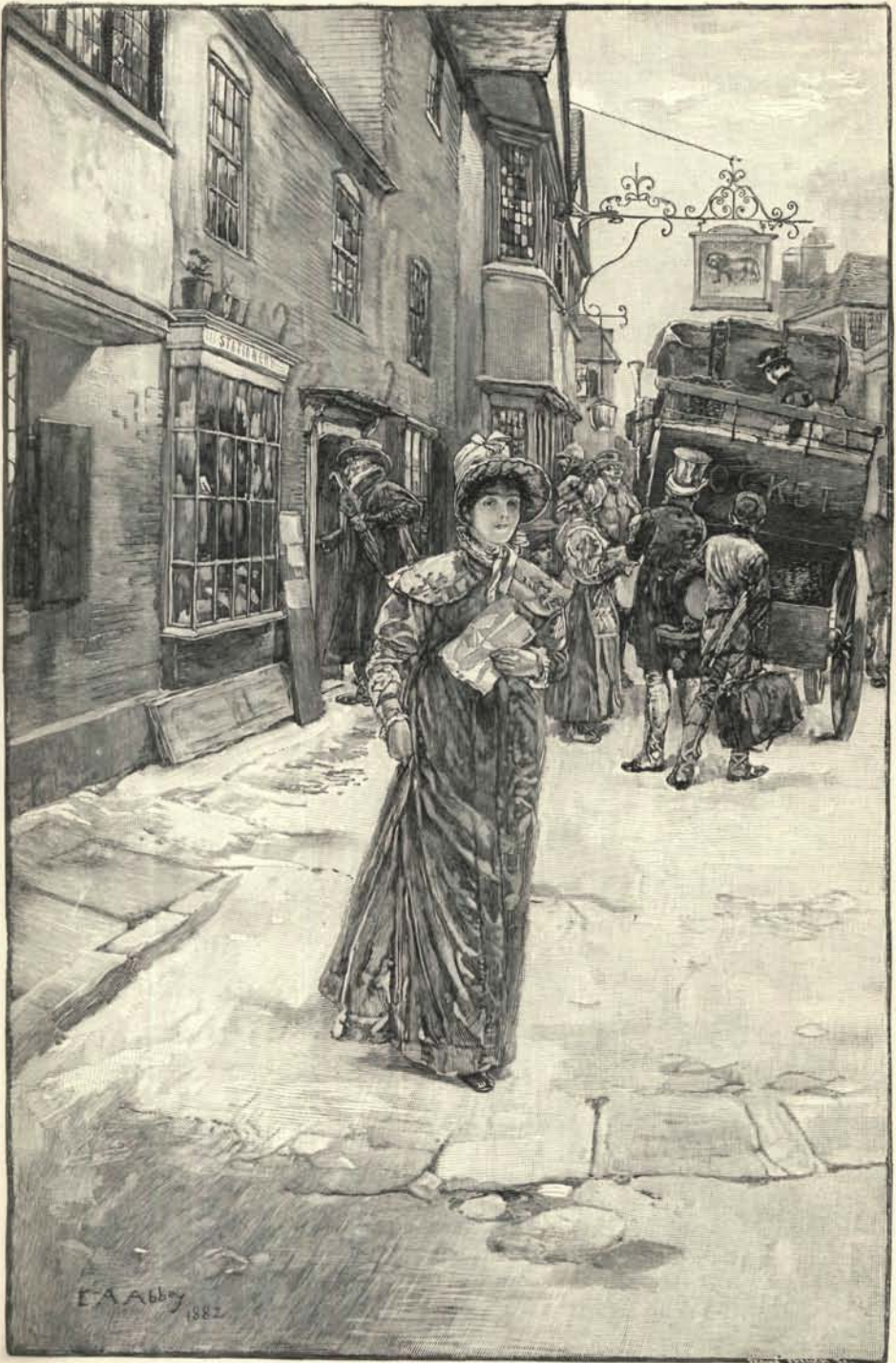
Dr. Granberry and family are Presbyterians. In the family is a baby boy of two years. Mrs. G. had been drilling the boy in the Shorter Catechism. Young Two-year-old, becoming unmanageable in the absence of his father, had been subjected to a mild application of the rod. When the doctor returned, and noticed the boy was in trouble, the following conversation took place:

FATHER. "What is the matter, my son?"

SON (*weeping*). "Mother whipped me."

FATHER. "What for, my boy?"

SON (*between his sobs*). "For her own glory."



"AT LAST."—From Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

See Poem by AUSTIN DOBSON.