

WHAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

Now, my little daughter standing
By my chair, is oft demanding,
"Tell me, mother, what your grandmother
used to do."

Did she have much time for reading,
Pauses heeding,
And succeeding,
Well with music, draw and paint on china,
90?"

"No, my darling! Grandma never
Had the time for such endeavor,
For she worked from morn until the setting
sun.

She would call the cows so early,
"Dairy! Curley!"

Don't be surly,
And the milking then would speedily be
done.

"She would strain the milk and churn it;
Make a cheese and deftly turn it;

Make soft soap and brew the nicest currant
wine.

Dip the candles, lightly glowing,
Little knowing,

And bestowing
Scarce a thought on what as future light
would shine.

"Card and spin the wool nor leave it,
Fill she into cloth would weave it,

And she raised her fax, and wove her linen
fine.

In a quilting she delighted,

All invited,
None were slighted;

Or a paring and a husking bee combine.

"She raised geese and plucked each feather,
Cut cloth and sewed together

Every strip, to make a home-made carpet
gray;

And she knitted every stocking,

Meanwhile rocking,

Oh, 'twas shocking,

All the work that woman went through in a
day."

NAN'S CHRISTMAS GUEST.

A great event occurred in the Curtis household when Nan took summer boarders. When she first announced this intention the amazement of the assembled family was too great for words. The two smaller children gazed at her in wide-eyed wonder, and her father, who at length found voice, remarked contemptuously:

"Who'll come up here in the back woods, I'd like to know?"

But Nan was not to be discouraged. "There is the mountain," she said stoutly, "and the fine air, and the pine woods; why wouldn't someone like just such a wild, lonely place—someone from the city?"

A newspaper had drifted to the Curtis farm the day before, and Nan, devouring it eagerly, chanced upon the advertisements for summer boarders set forth in its columns. She noticed that the chief inducements held out had been invariably family and was too great for words. The two smaller children gazed at her in wide-eyed wonder, and her father, who at length found voice, remarked contemptuously:

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seated in a low chair; the other who, just then, had her head turned away, was standing upon the step, and at her feet was a basket of berries evidently just picked. Both were laughing gayly, and as the wagon drew near and stopped, the girl upon the step, with a sudden rush of color to her brown cheek, turned slowly toward the two men. It was the girl who looked at Raymond from the window. He could not help betraying his surprise and satisfaction, which he had told as Farmer Curtis, noting his evident admiration, took the young girl by the hand, and with no little pride in his voice, presented, "my daughter."

"No, my darling! Grandma never had the time for such endeavor, For she worked from morn until the setting sun.

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fall upon her hand, when a gentle tap upon the door made her start, half alarmed, from her chair. Who could it be, so late in the evening? Had Miss Niles decided to come after all? Possibly she had changed her mind at the last moment.

Nan, with a radiant face, flew to the door and opened it wide. At first she saw no one, and coming close to the step, peered eagerly out into the darkness. Then suddenly a great wave of color swept over face and neck, and she started back with a little gasp of surprise. "Mr. Raymond!" she cried.

Her amazement evidently amused that young man, for he laughed gayly. "Yes," he answered, "I have come up for Christmas, although you did not invite me. Can I come in?" for Nan still staring at him wonderingly, made no move to allow him to enter.

"Yes," she said without any apparent shame at her inhospitality, "but you won't want to stay—didn't you know?" She looked so very solemn that Raymond dropped his buoyant manner, and grew serious at once. "Know what?" he asked, anxiously wondering what catastrophe had happened.

"Why, that she is not coming after all. I got the letter yesterday. What a pity you should come so far to be disappointed; and yet it is strange she did not tell you!" And Nan's face grew longer. She knew how provoked he would be.

But Mr. Raymond still looked extremely mystified. "I do not understand," he said. "I did not think or expect that anyone was coming but myself. Why should I be disappointed?"

"Why!" cried Nan, aghast. "Aren't you coming with Miss Niles, or didn't you expect to meet her? She said—she is, I thought—I was quite sure that you were—" but here poor Nan grew all at once very red and confused. A sudden amused look in her visitor's face made her think that possibly she had been mistaken, after all, in her surmises. What if there was nothing between these two but a commonplace friendship. Oh, how foolishly she had acted—like a country girl, indeed. And if he had not come to see Miss Niles, why had he come? Nan's heavy lashes drooped upon her cheek to conceal her sudden consciousness. But her guest only laughed at her tactless, downcast face.

"What was it you thought?" he asked mischievously; but Nan only pouted and would not answer. She did not like to be laughed at.

"Well, never mind," he said at length, drawing her gently into the fire room, where a moment before she had sat so disconsolately; "but now do you know what I thought?"

And Nan whispered "No," although in her heart there was a sudden consciousness that she did know well enough. "I thought that you loved me," he said roughly; "that you loved me!" he here in spite of your ice and snow?"

And although Nan tried to be very angry with this conceited person for having been so sure of a fact which she would never admit herself, she could not, somehow, be a truthful girl, deny that he was right. —[Portland Transcript.]

Lessons From Old and New Maps.

Old teachers are sometimes quite as impressive and instructive as the new ones. Gray hairs covering a sound brain, that has not forgotten how to work along healthy lines, should always secure a respectful and receptive attention from those willing to learn useful lessons. Sometimes they do; quite as often they do not.

One would scarcely expect to get much suggestive and valuable information from an old School-Atlas. Whatever it might have been in its fresh, bright years, its days of usefulness are supposed to have passed with its youth, after which it was consigned to the grate or the garret. The latter is where recently we found one of these teachers that had been consigned to dust and cobwebs and to a supposed oblivion nearly forty years ago, under a conviction that its days of usefulness were over. But they were not over. They will never be over so long as the Atlas-teacher has bodily form.

If any one doubts that this little world of ours is swinging on continually to a brighter destiny, let him give special study for an hour to our Western Hemisphere, and especially to our part of it, and to the African continent, as the conditions, civil and religious, of the two at that time are illustrated by the Atlas of forty years ago. Then we knew little of our own country—in fact we had not, except in name, beyond the western boundary line of Missouri and Arkansas projected north and south. Then we had a large number of slave-holding States. The country now occupied by the States of Dakota (North and South), Nebraska and Kansas was designated as "The Great American Desert" and was considered worthless, and the "howling wilderness" extended to the Rocky Mountains. What we have there now is the most beautiful country in the world, and the most populous.

Young Featherly—Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years.—[The Million.]

NATURE ASSERTS ITSELF.

Featherly—Are these your children?

Mrs. Brand—Oh, yes! the boy is five years old, and this girl seven.

Young Featherly—Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years.—[The Million.]

HE KNEW HIS ARITHMETIC.

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Young Featherly—Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years.—[The Million.]

PROOF POSITIVE.

Sweet Young Thing—And can I really believe, darling, that I am the only girl you ever loved?

Absent-Minded Lover—Of course, dearest. No girl that I've known has ever doubted it yet.—[Ally Sloper.]

THE BEST THING TO DO.

Spifer—What—er—should you—er—say that the—er—best thing to do—er when you accidentally tread on a big—er—strong man's favorite corn?

Spifer—Best thing to do? Get out of reach.—[Exchange.]

HE WOULD LIVE WELL.

"What would you do if you were as rich as the Vanderbilts?"

"I'd have pie with every meal."

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

They Pitied Him—Letter of the Law—A Different Branch—Regular Record Breakers, Etc., Etc.

THEY PITIED HIM.

Dimling was stopped by two footpads the other night.

One of them covered him with a revolver and the other said:

"Turn over all your cash, and be quick about it."

"My dear fellows," said Dimling, in response to their urgent invitation, "I have no cash to turn over. I have just left a church fair."

The footpads first satisfied his desire for the truth of the unfortunate man's story, and then raised \$1.25 between them for his relief, regardless of the fact that business had not been good with them for some time.—[Harper's Bazaar.]

LETTER OF THE LAW.

Boy (on a bridge)—Say, mister, if you don't look out you'll be fined.

Teamster—Why will?

Boy—That sign says "Walk your horses" don't it?

Teamster—Jes.

Boy—Well, yours are standing still.—[Street & Smith's Good News.]

A DIFFERENT BRANCH.

Mother (looking over her boy's shoulder)—Your spelling is perfectly terrible.

Little Son—This isn't a speller's lesson. It's a composition.—[Good News.]

REGULAR RECORD-BREAKERS.

Miss Gotham—That talk about Philadelphia being so very, very slow, is merely a newspaper joke, isn't it?