

Peter Tarbox's "Mouth fur Pie".

Continued from 3d page.

Yes, it is all true, and a thriving business the new firm does; for the fame of their bread, rolls and pies has spread over the country.

But today the store has been left in charge of the two assistants; the widow is as busy as a bee about the round house; while Peter haunts the railway station, watching the incoming trains with anxious eyes.

"I want to come home by myself, mother," writes Ted; and mother consents, though she can hardly realize that he can come alone.

"If he is even able to walk a little," she tells a neighbor who has stopped at the gate, "I will be satisfied and thank science!" turning to look with happy eyes through the open door.

How cozy it looks with its waiting tea table, the bowl of flowers, the brown teapot before the open fire, and the little covered dish.

She has made a new cushion for his chair, "For even if he is better, he will want it some of the time," she says with a sigh.

The neighbor has gone away and she stands gazing down the street with wistful eyes. Then her heart suddenly beats so fast, she must lean upon the fence for support. Why, how faint she feels! For, coming toward her, running, shouting, leaping, is a flying little figure. Racing, "just like other boys," with straight, strong legs and back! "Oh, just like other boys!" She feels his eager kisses on her face, and comes back to earth to know that she has him in her arms, strong and well.

"Well, since you will give me the credit of the hull thing—not that I deserve it," says Peter, modestly—"I'll tell you sometin' mar used ter say every thanksgiven: 'If Peter weren't born fur nothen better, he certainly was born with a mouth fur pie.' Law me, but it used to make me feel bad to hear her; yet I'll be goldurned if I don't wish she'd lived long 'nough to see it done some good, anyhow!"

Extracting the Young Idea.

Two events of one day convinced a young lady of Piety Hill that the infant mind is one of the most profound mysteries of nature. It was her first effort with a class of little Sunday school children, and after talking with them in her most impressive way for half an hour she asked her precious charges what they thought of their lessons. One little girl, with golden hair and great blue eyes such as artists love to reproduce in themes divine, indicated a desire to speak.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Miss Earnest, if you lived to be a hun'ed years old you'll never have a prettier hat than the one what you got on now."

The second developed later in the day. She told the little ones that

they must not let the weeds grow up in their hearts, for they were the weeds of sin and worse than death. One fat cherub who had never known what it was to be sick set up a howl as soon as he reached home. Being short on a knowledge of anatomy, he sat holding his digestive apparatus and declaring that the weeds growing in his heart were "a'most killin" him. Ignorant of the cause of alarm, the terrified parents kept the telephone wires hot till they secured the presence of three doctors, who were quickly followed by others who had not been in when called. While the others were gravely consulting, one shrewd practitioner extracted the story of the Sunday school lesson and administered a dose of sugar and water. Ten minutes later the little fellow was telling how near he came to dying while he was eating enough for a harvest hand.—Detroit Free Press.

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