

WENT ON A STRIKE.

Two old pumps that had worked faithfully for years together in the bottom of a dark pit in an Indian school, all day and night, decided to go on a strike. The big pump was heard to say to his little brother, "Let us stop, what's the good working ourselves to death down in this dark hole. We do not get even a kind smile or a word of thanks." "Yes, that's so," quickly replied the little fellow, "for I am tired of being continually dosed with oil, pounded with wrenches, and packed with rubber, so that I can hardly move or breathe. We will make those big folks, who are too high up to even look at us, come to their senses and see how they can get along without us." Thus they talked and discussed the matter, after which the vote taken was unanimous in favor of a "walk out."

So last Saturday night at 5:30 p. m. they quit. Darkness reigned supreme, as the boilers could not furnish steam to run the engines, and the engines could not operate the dynamos. Consternation fell upon the happy school. Officers and students were going sideways to reach for the old discarded lamps.

What is up? What is the matter? No light? No water? Yes, sad to say, and all because of those stubborn, disobedient pumps. All night and the next day the engineers, supervisor and superintendent applied all kinds of remedies to those tired little rascals. They even got down on their knees and begged, plead and argued for the stand-point of health, comfort and convenience to the pupils and

employees. But the pumps remained sullen and silent. Not a word did they say, not a move would they make. At last the basket ball girls with tears in their eyes and hearts broken because their matched game of ball, and sociable was called off on account of no lights, sent in a petition to the obstinate fellows, begging them to forget their troubles, be good and go to work again for their sake. This melted the heat of the little fellow and he began to work at once. His big partner, feeling ashamed of himself at seeing the noble efforts that his smaller friend was making, changed his mind also. Peace was then restored and the girls were happy because it ensured their game for Monday night.

MORAL:—Boys, how mean it is to get sullen, obstinate and disobedient. Never refuse to perform your work, no matter what it is or where it is. By so doing you will make others happy and feel all the better yourselves.

REAL FAME.

Ex-Vice President Levi P. Morton, who takes great pleasure in his estate on the Hudson and makes common subjects with his neighbors of agriculture and the raising of cattle, was once identified, to the amusement of a Washingtonian, by his agricultural attainments.

The Morton carriage whirled through the village street one afternoon quite near where the Washingtonian and a farmer were standing.

"That's Vice President Morton, isn't it?" inquired the Washingtonian.

"Vice-President nothing!" was the reply. "Ever heard of Morton's cows? Well, that's Morton!"—Philadelphia Ledger.