

strum upon the table with his chubby little fingers. Raymunda is a faithful creature, and is almost as fond of her charge as the queen herself.

Upon one occasion a great lady wished to see the king, and the queen accompanied her to the youngster's apartments; but Raymunda barred the way. "You can't come in," was her peremptory reply; "he is asleep." And the queen and the duchess retired smiling.

When the weather is fine the king drives out. Naturally he possesses his own carriage, with an equerry who gallops bravely by its side, and forms the only escort. He dines alone at a well-garnished table. King Baby has only one trouble in life. It is a trouble which might drive some grown up people to madness; but, since he is entirely unconscious of it, it does not worry him much. The photographer is always on the lookout for him. Scarcely a week has passed since he was born without a demand from some fresh photographer to be allowed to take his portrait. He has been photographed standing, sitting, in his mother's arms, upon her lap or holding her by the hand, with his hat on and his hat off, full face, profile, and, in short, in every possible position. It is the ambition of every Madrid photographer to possess a negative of the king, since his portraits sell by thousands; not merely in Spain, but in most civilized countries.—*St. James' Gazette.*

Homespun and Wholesome.

Here from the *Wisconsin*, a paper published at Milwaukee, is a piece of plain reading for those who have the care of boys:

"Mrs. Hardlowe and Mrs. Grant sat sewing. The placid face of Mrs. Hardlowe was as serene as usual, but Mrs. Grant seemed troubled and perplexed; suddenly she spoke:

"Mrs. Hardlowe, what shall I do with my boy Will? It is the greatest torment of my life the way he reads dime novels. I have burned two this morning, and in spite of all I can say, he does get them some way."

"Perhaps there is a better way to deal with it."

"I should like to find it if there is. I heard Mrs. Ward say that her Henry had never read a dime novel. How I wish I could say the same."

"Oh! my Fred has."

"Why! How is that? I am surprised."

"Yes, and I read it with him. I found he was reading them on the sly. I said to him one morning, 'Fred, when I made your bed this morning I found a book under your mattress. You must have been reading after you went to bed.'

"Yes ma'am, I was," he replied.

"Well, don't do that," I said. 'It isn't good for you. I finished my book last night, and why can't we read together? We have read so many other books, you know.'

"Yes, mother, but I don't think you would care about this one."

"Oh! never mind about that—if you care about it of course I will."

"When evening came I said,

'Now, Fred, let us have that book.'"

"He brought it very reluctantly."

"Now," I said, 'sit down by me, and as it is a stormy night we will have a good chance to get all the good we can out of it.'

"I took the book and read; when I came to where the Indians were carrying off the beautiful, lovely, delicate girl, and the boy of 16 was performing unheard of feats in an effort to rescue her, I looked up and saw Fred's face red as fire, his eyes dilated, and his whole frame quivering with excitement."

"I kept on until the girl was secreted in a cave and the boy was carrying food to her and killing snakes, Indians, etc., to show his valor and true love for her."

"Fred laid his head in my lap and sobbed and cried."

"When I had finished he jumped up and said: 'That's a jolly book! If ever I have a girl I'll do just that much for her.'

"Well, Fred," I said, 'let us see which is the jolly part?'

"Oh, the whole thing; a boy would feel so big to do that for a girl. I just hate Indians."

"Well, now," I said, 'we'll take each part and talk about it; and I dissected the whole story and showed him how such things couldn't be done; how what had created so much emotion in his own breast was impossible. How the girl must necessarily have starved or died from fright if left alone the time described, and how senseless it was to believe for a moment that a boy of sixteen could hold out against so many Indians!'

"I tried to talk very carefully, and in no way to combat or ridicule any idea. Then I asked him if he could think of any good the book had done him, and tried to make him see that if he could not, he must admit that exciting the emotions to such an extent over impossible wrongs was very much like taking alcohol to gain strength. Ten o'clock came, and Fred went to bed. In about a week Fred was in the yard, when a boy came along and said: 'Fred, I have'—and held up three fingers. Fred replied: 'I don't care if you have. My mother and I are reading "Arthur Bonnicastle," and I like it better than those things. Your blood-and-thunder stories can't be true anyway.'

Mrs. Grant was very thoughtful, but finally said: "Your way is a better one. I'll try to be more patient with my boy."

Benjamin Franklin's Watch.

Levi W. Groff, of Lancaster, Pa., has in his possession a very old fashioned looking silver watch, shaped like a biscuit, and which was the property of Benjamin Franklin. The watch is of the open face pattern, and there is engraved on its back, "Ben Franklin, 1776, Philadelphia;" and Mr. Groff says it was the personal property of the great philosopher and was carried by him. It still keeps good time. The watch was made by W. Tomlinson, of London, and it is numbered 511. In the inside of the case is Thomas Parker's advertise-

ment of his jewelry business, No. 13, South Third Street, Philadelphia, on which is written "Mainspring and cleaning, January 24, 1817." The owner of this relic has been offered \$1,000 a year for the use of it in a jewelry window.—*Washington Cor. New York Star.*

The Height of Gratitude.

A Paisley minister was accosted once in the high street of that town by a poor looking man. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "I was since a coo-feeder in a guid way before the ploory broke out among the kye, when I lost a'. Some of my friends were thinkin' that if I could just get a beginnin' again I wad due weel, an' they hae been subscribing to buy me a coo. Wud ye mind helpin' me a wee?" The minister gave the man two shillings. It was evidently more than he expected, for, with an expression of great satisfaction on his face, he said, "I'm very much obliged to ye—indeed, I'm extraordinary obliged to ye! Ye are the minister o' the Middle Kirk, are nae ye? Aweel, I maun come up some time and gie ye a day's hearing."

"God's Neighborhood."

"Pap, man hollered hello."

An old man arose from a humped-over position in front of the fire, stood in the door of his cabin and, after gazing for a few moments, exclaimed:

"Light an' look at your saddle." A well dressed man dismounted and approached the cabin. "Come right in," said the landlord. "Here, take this cheer. Got a hickory bark bottom an' I reckon it is strong enough to hold you."

The visitor sat down, and, after holding a spirited conversation with the host, suddenly exclaimed:

"My friend, I have come into this neighborhood to investigate reports of recent election frauds. It may be a dangerous undertaking, but I thought it better to come alone. Now you seem to be an honest man and can doubtless give me much information. Who were the candidates for Congress in this district?"

"Jim Lane an' Bob Turner."

"Which one was elected?"

"Turner."

"Democrat or Republican?"

"Neither. Both candidates run on their own hook."

"Was there, as far as you know, any fraud?"

"None er tall. We don't give countenance to that sort uv thing in this here community."

"I am glad to hear it. So Turner was elected without any trouble?"

"No trouble er tall, I tell you. We was fur him, an' that settled it. We was so certain he was the right man that we turned out. But thar would er been trouble, though, ef we had let Lane's men vote. They we had let Lane's men vote. They cocked our guns an' told them that the skeeter they made themselves the better it would be fur 'em. They hummed an' hawed, an' swore that they would vote. This is God's neighborhood, an' we was determined that thar should be no row,