

large platter. He then laid Peter in, right up with care, and covered him

"Now you have the middle part!" cried the French cook. "This dough is all made of the crusts you left at the table, done over!"

"O, now I am punished! Now I am punished!" cried Peter. "But, O Mister French cook, pie-covers have holes always pricked in them to breathe through?"

"Very true," said the French cook. "And I will now prick the holes." So he took the toasting-fork, and at

every prick Peter squirmed and jumped, which made the upper crust look very bunchy.

"Quiet inside there," shouted the French cook. "Do you prefer a quick oven, or a slow oven? Put your mouth to the holes and answer."

So Peter put his mouth to the holes and called out, "A slow oven!"

"You shall be gratified," said the French cook. "Here, you, boy!—you unrefuted, short-trousered, peaked-pa-meh-capped, jolly Baker's boy, help me

But Peter found the slow oven to be much too hot for his feelings. He turned and rolled, and rolled and turned, and at last he rolled clear out of the platter.

He dreamed that he rolled out of the platter, but in reality he rolled out of his bed in his chamber, and came down again, upon the floor.

"O dear! O dear! no! no! out! out! out! want! want! hoo! hoo!" bellowed

Then all the people came running up stairs.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"I---don't---want---to---be---baked!" said Peter, crying.

"Baked, indeed!" cried his mother, and she stripped off three quilts and a blanket.

"Where did you bump you?" cried Lou.

"Have---you---seen---the---caterpil-

"Have you had your teeth sharpened the night?" asked his mother, laughing.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little boy quite cheerily.

"But how did she know?" he whispered to himself. Then he looked towards the big spoons, who were there,

"Have you had your teeth sharpened the night?" asked his mother, laughing.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little boy quite cheerily.

"But how did she know?" he whispered to himself. Then he looked towards the big spoons, who were there,

But not one of them spoke a word.—  
*—Fra. Diaz's Story Book.*

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**Returning a Favor.**

A tinker was traveling in a country town; and, having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his

man deeply, and, telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go to his dinner, and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and, when he returned to the bar-room, he was so enjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of tin cups and kettles which had suddenly sprung a leak. The tinker was at once set to work, accomplished the task, received a liberal sum in payment, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon which our friend said:

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinkler.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry, and dinnerless. I knew the landlady was well off, and doing a good business; and so I watched the opportunity, and started a leak in every utensil I could find about."

The tinker, with many thanks, and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey; but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had befriended him; he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought, could afford to bear slight loss in a good cause; so, taking position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker; and you, of course, will be employed to mend them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell and his face as-

"Certainly," replied the tinker; "there's not a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."

"Yes," answered the glazier, in despair; "but you scoundrel, you have ruined me; for I keep the church windows in repair by the year."

—•••—

Carl, Jack's Mate.

Do you know Capt. Jack Harris, of the pleasure steamer Neptune? He is a serious fellow, be sure,—not roystering, but genial and accommodating. Capt. Jack took a party of us down the harbor, and along the coast as far as St. Desort. Of course we were gone several days. Lizzie Campbell was with us, a witching little brunette, who and I left her music classes to savor a little sea took her short vacation. Towards the close of the trip, Lizzie,

"I declare, I think I would like to be captain of this beautiful steamer myself."

"Really, Miss Campbell," replied Capt. Jack, smiling, but yet with serious earnestness at bottom, "the post of captain is not open just now, but if you choose to accept the position of cap-

The following method of getting rid of stumps is recommended by the Scientific American: "In the autumn bore a hole one or two inches in diameter;

The American Consul at Yokohama  
The Consul General at Osaka

John's Consular Court, and eventually a righteous judge. An American tar, Haynes by name [no connection with Lutherford B.], was recently brought before him for beating an English man-of-war's man, with intent to kill. As it appeared that half a dozen of the Brits' "pals" had fallen upon Haynes and pounded him six to one, the Consul discharged our brave blue-jacket on the spot.











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[illegible][illegible]

and of East Rochester, N. Y. a Graduate Engineer, and David M. Fayer, (1) north of the depressed area, within chain 10 of a scale and station; (2) north, thirty-three degrees thirty minutes east, thirty miles from-western base to a scale east; (3) north, twenty degrees west, seven chains to a scale and station; (4) north, thirty degrees thirty minutes east, thirty miles from the place of intersection, continuing six more of chain. Together with two miles of roadway each side of the road, the road was cleared, on the entire tract of six miles, for the purpose of protecting and timber from the second described lot.

JAMES VANDEWER,  
CLERK OF THE COURT.  
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