

comes a big Indian, all feathers and war-paint, and we—"

Here even obtuse papa felt the tremble, in the little hand that clutched his sleeves and in the voice that tried to echo bravely, "And we"—

"And we—oh, we'll hang out a flag of truce"—a big handkerchief flapped towards the stove—"and ask what he wants." There was some dialogue, presumably in Cherokee, and then papa announced, cheerfully, "It's all right! He's a friendly Indian. He only came to buy some corn-meal for his cats."

After the little girl was a big girl, yes, and a grown-up woman, she often thought of that play in the dusk. When something big and dark came looming up ahead, she has more than once laughed away her forebodings, saying, "Perhaps it is a friendly Indian, after all, come to get corn-meal for cats!"—Exchange

Praise and Scolds

"Yes, I had a pretty good time staying with Aunt Maria," admitted the small boy when questioned concerning his visit. There was a doubtful note in his answer that awakened curiosity in the mother.

"She said you were a good boy," she remarked suggestively.

"Yes," with the same hesitating tone. Then the method of explanation grew clear and the little face brightened. "But you see Aunt Maria sort of mixes up her praising you with her scolds, and you don't 'zactly know which it tastes most of. When I thought I'd s'prise her by picking the currants for supper she said: 'Now that's a good boy, that's a real help. Why can't you be thoughtful like that all the time 'stead of leaving me to pick 'em myself yesterday?'"

When I just flew upstairs to get her thimble, she thanked me, but she said why wasn't I quick to notice all the time? She makes you feel 's if you couldn't be glad 'bout being good to-day 'cause you're so 'shamed you wasn't better yesterday, and it sort of makes you lonesome."

Aunt Maria's name is legion, and she goes complacently on her way scattering discomfort and discouragement without the least idea of the harm she is doing. Many a mis-

tress who wonders why her servants lack heart and interest might find an explanation in the fact that her commendations always degenerate into fault-finding. Teachers and parents who are quite sure they always praise where praise is due, and wonder that they awaken no enthusiasm for well-doing, may find, if they pause to consider, that they usually spoil the sweet with an admixture of bitterness.

Give thanks and praise whenever they can be conscientiously given, and when reproof is needed, let it have its own time and place.

The Money Amy Didn't Earn

Amy was a dear little girl, but she was too apt to waste time in getting ready to do her tasks, instead of doing them at once, as she ought. In the village where she lived, Mr. Thornton kept a store where he sold fruits of all kinds, including berries in their season. One day he said to Amy, whose parents were quite poor:

"Would you like to earn some money?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "for I want some new shoes, and papa has no money with which to buy them."

"Well, Amy," said Mr. Thornton, "I noticed some fine, ripe blackberries in Mr. Green's pasture to-day, and he said that anybody was welcome to them. I will pay you thirteen cents a quart for all you will pick for me."

Amy was delighted at the thought of earning some money, so she ran home to get a basket, intending to go immediately to pick the berries.

Then she thought she would like to know how much money she would get if she picked five quarts. With the aid of her slate and pencil she found out that she would get sixty-five cents.

"But supposing that I should pick a dozen quarts," she thought, "how much would I earn, then? Dear me!" she exclaimed delightedly, after figuring a while, "I should earn a dollar and fifty-six cents!"

Then she proceeded to find out how much Mr. Thornton would pay her for fifty quarts, then a hundred and two hundred quarts. She was getting rich at a great rate. It took her