

••• LITTLE FOLKS •••

Charlie's Lesson in Kindness.

(By Jennie Elliott, in 'Union Signal'.)

It was half-past one and the stars shone out of a clear, frosty sky down upon the rough country road, jagged and crusted with ice, under which lay puddles of water as cold as the heart of hypocrisy. Charlie Brake dashed up at cyclone speed, and with an earthquake jerk stopped at the barn door, jumped out of the buggy, unhitched the horse, attended indifferently to its needs, and too worn out to exert himself farther, dropped down upon the hay and rolled himself up in a horse-blanket.

A feeble protest was set up by his starved out conscience, but it was soon drowned in the memory of hilarious banter among the chums left in town, and he lay still.

Presently he heard suppressed voices near by.

'Let's do it!' said one. 'He deserves it!' said another. 'He has no heart! He's bad enough to drive one wild.'

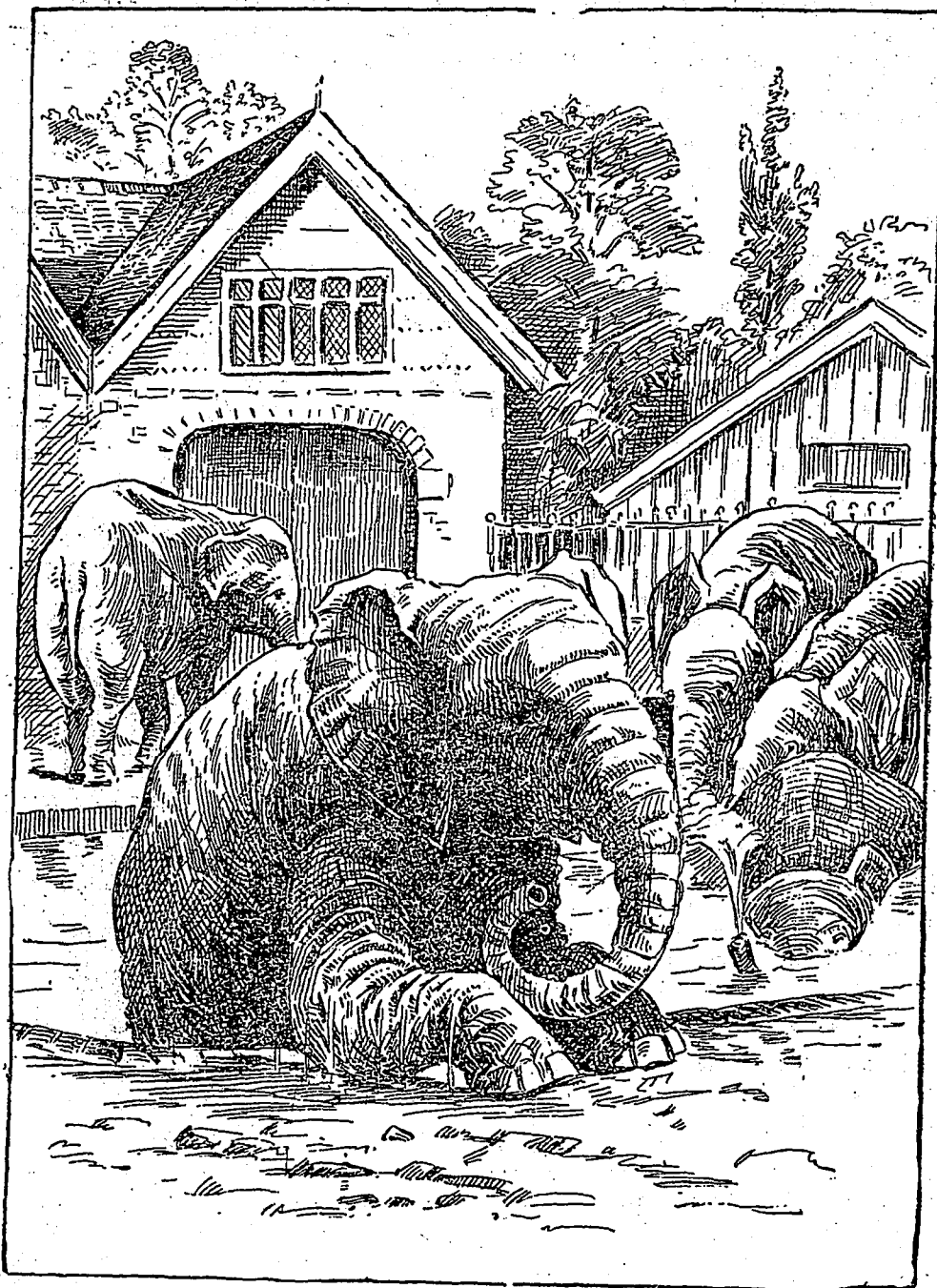
'He drove me nearly to death to-night, over such roads, too. I know my feet have been bleeding for miles, and now I am tied to an empty manger.'

The young man raised his head and looked around. Oh, the horses were talking about him. Derby and Lal had their brown heads together, and the way they put their ears back and gnashed their teeth, made him feel decidedly uneasy.

'Let's do it,' repeated Derby. 'Horses could defend themselves if they only knew it. No use of being slaves when the bonds can be broken. I'll paw the life out of the tyrant, and then we shall be abused no more.'

'No, no,' said Lal, 'don't kill anybody. Let's hitch him up and drive him. Put a bit in his mouth and let him see how it is to be jerked! He was a little too tipsy to take the bits from your mouth to-night. But rub off your bridle, Derby, and kick him in the ribs as he does us when we do not hear him open the barn door.'

They pulled him about, backed him up to the buggy with a frosty bit in his mouth that gave him a



SOME BIG BABIES IN THEIR BATH.

Most little boys and girls are fond of their bath, but there are some who do not like it. They scream and kick so that mother or nurse is glad when the bath is over.

These foolish little people might learn a lesson from the elephants at the 'Zoo,' if they could see them at their bathing time. They seem as fond of their bath as ever they

can be. They draw the water up into their trunks and squirt it all over their backs, and almost seem to smile as the cool streams trickle down them.

If you are ever naughty at bath time, think of the elephants. You would not like to behave worse than an elephant, would you? —'Our Little Dots.'

sore tongue for a week after, hitched him up trembling and scared, and before Lal could interfere, Derby gave him a vicious cut of the whip, making him bound upward and forward, nearly upsetting the buggy. He knew not which way to turn. His head was reined back upon his neck so that he could see nothing but the sky. A sharp jerk and another cut of the lash started him out on the black road at a breakneck pace.

'What do you think of horse

sense, now?' said Derby. 'It is my turn now, young man, but I am quite sober, and so would you be if you had a little of the sense of your father's horses.'

'Yes,' said Lal. 'Then I should not be kept out in the rain all day from my poor little colt, while the young man's mother wonders why he does not come home. Get up, young man! Get up!'

Away they flew over hill and rock and broken bridge, hour after hour, mile after mile the buggy some-