

with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

"It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and since that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.

Who Was It?

Once there was a maiden who wouldn't be polite;
Wouldn't say "Good-morning," and wouldn't say "Good-night";
Felt it too much trouble to think of saying "please";
Slammed the door behind her as if she'd been a breeze;
Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take a run;
Ran away and lost herself, because it was "such fun."

Merry little maiden! Isn't it too bad
That, with all her laughter, sometimes she was sad?
But the reason for it isn't hard to find,
For this little maiden didn't like to mind;
Wouldn't do the things she knew she really ought to do,
Who was she? Oh, never mind; I hope it wasn't you.

—E. M. Clark.

Gave Away His Birthright.

Here is a charming tale told of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, in *Collier's Weekly*. He was visiting a friend in California, and speedily became a great confidant of his host's little daughter. One day the subject of birthdays was being discussed, and then the young lady bewailed her hard fate. She had been born on the twenty-ninth day of February, and therefore had enjoyed only two birthdays in all her eleven years. The kind-hearted writer sympathized with her. He meditated a few minutes, then went to the writing desk, and drew up the following document:

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, in a sound state of mind and body, having arrived at an age when I no longer have any use for birthdays, do give and bequeath my birthday, on the 13th of November, to Miss Adelaide Ide, to be hers from this year as long as she wishes it.

The Pear Tree Witch.

The world looked very dark to little Bess because father had found fault with her for eating the pears. But father had a reason.

"Who is it that picks those pears and eats them before they are ripe? Are you the one, Bess?"

"Yes; I don't like 'em, father, I truly, really don't, the firstest minute they get soft—squashy, no-taste things. Please, father, let me eat the nice, crisp, hard ones."

"But, Bess, dear child, they're not ripe enough, and will hurt father's honey-girl, and make her sick."

But Bess was only half-convicted, and though she loved father very, very much, she loved hard pears, too; and then, you know, pears hang down so low on the big, thrifty fruit trees, and when the breeze blows they wag back and forth at you. They seemed to little Bess to play hide and seek behind the leaves, and to say to her, "We see you, Bess; you can't catch us; we can't catch us." Then if Bess, stiffening up her moral purpose, resolutely turned her garden chair around, and set her chubby face the other way, while she made stylish clothes for Miss Amelia Amanda, or pined over a portion of Dolly Dearest's cambrie cuticle so that the sawdust would not come out of her,

at a fresh gust of wind there would come a thud, thud, that meant nothing but pears from that tempting tree behind her.

"Dear, dear," sighed Bess, "I'm all weared out trying not to see and hear those pears."

A few days went by, and nothing more having been said, Bess was tempted beyond endurance, and was found by Mr. Lee munching a crisp, half-ripe pear.

"Now, Bess, father will have to stop it. Why don't you pick up some of those that have fallen?"

"Why, father, just 's soon 's they fall off they're soft and ripe, and falling bunts them softer, and then they get anty; don't like 'em, only good enough for the ants, anyway."

Mr. Lee didn't know what to make of a child with such tastes. And Aunt Katharine remarked, "No accounting for that child's fudgichy ways and whims." Then, with a sniff, "She's all Carlisle, that's plain"; which goes to show that Aunt Katharine was Mr. Lee's sister.

Mr. Lee saw that Bess must be made to mind, so he said:

"Now, little daughter, father's going to make a rule. Nobody is to pick a single pear from any tree without permission."

Bess looked guilty and ashamed, for father usually trusted her, and did not find it necessary to make horrid rules, same 's the little Kirfals' father and mother did.

She felt very much stirred up, and walked away down to the old summer-house, where she went when she felt gloomy. She took Jane Jones, the ugliest doll, and a stiff, uncomfortable stool, and a little, old-fashioned story-book of Aunt Katharine's, called "The History of Disobedient Maria, or The Sad Rites of Infant Wilfulness."

"For if I am so bad," mused Bess, "I will not have anything nice around, and I will read all about disobedient Maria. Wonder what she did. Did you like hard pears, Maria, and did your father say nobody should pick any?"

A bad and sulless mood crept over little Bess. She felt a sort of distance grow in her small heart, and she did not read with much interest the moving tale of disobedient Maria. She finally slapped the book together, and fell to berating the ugly doll. "What makes you so homely, Jane Jones? I should think your head would crack in two with ugliness." But Jane Jones sat stiffly propped against a stone, and gazed straight ahead in motionless doll-reverie. Bess soon grew tired of her present surroundings, and getting her things together, trailed off to the house.

All went well for a time, and Bess was not seen eating any pears, nor did she mention the word.

"Very queer Bess has not wanted the pears," said Mr. Lee to himself one afternoon. "She has not once asked to pick any." He was walking toward the pear trees as he thought this, and as he kept on an odd look about the pears on the lower branches struck him. He hurried up, and looking more closely saw in many places a pear core gaily swinging in the wind, carefully gnawed clean and slim by little teeth, but still unbroken from the stem. There they were, the signs that the guilty little maid had kept the letter, but not the spirit of the law. He groined within himself, even while he smiled. What should he do? This Bess was such a strange, original, dear child, and rarely deceitful.

"I'll just wait," said father, wisely, "but not too long, for they are not good for her."

He did not have to wait long. Little Bess was very unhappy, and finally she could not bear it any longer, and marched into her father's study.

"Father, I am a 'disobedient Maria,' and I have done the 'infant wilfulness.' I ate those pears 'thout picking 'em off, and it was meaner'n Maria, 'cause I seemed not to break

the rule. I am so bad, father, punish me real hard."

Father knew his girl. He caught her to him and said, "Yes, father will punish his honey-girl real hard. She must pick off all the cores, and put them up in a row on the window-ledge in her room."

But Bess started. "Is that all, father?"

"Yes, Bess, only to keep the rule just the same."

She did it, and she kept the rule. No pear-cores moved again from the trees, and Bess finally lost her strange taste, and came to like things as other children did. She never forgot, however, the time when she picked no pears, and yet broke her father's rule. —*Christian Observer*.

Pointness.

"Can you write a good hand?" asked a man of a boy who applied for a situation.

"Yaas," was the answer.

"Are you good at figures?"

"Yaas," was the answer again.

"That will do, I don't want you," said the merchant.

After the boy had gone a friend said, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy; why don't you try him?"

"Because he has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" replied the merchant. "If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers?"

What He Liked for His Birthday.

Lewis Carroll, in a letter to a child friend, once mentioned a few things that he would like for his birthday. "Well, I like, very much indeed, a little mustard with a bit of beef spread thinly under it; and I like brown sugar—only it should have some apple pudding mixed with it to keep it from being too sweet; but what I like best of all is salt, with some soap poured over it. The use of soap is to hinder the salt from being too dry; and it helps to melt it. Then there are other things I like; for instance, pins—only they should always have a cushion put round them to keep them warm. And I like two or three handfuls of hair; only they should have a little girl's head beneath them to grow on, or else whenever you open the door they get blown all over the room, and then they get lost, you know."

Angels Stop to Listen.

Rev. Dr. Drummond tells this pretty incident: "A little girl once said to her father: 'Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell Him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great, big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you.' The father took the little girl in his arms, and told her that, even though God were surrounded by all his holy angels singing to Him one of the grandest and sweetest song of praise ever heard in heaven, He would say to them: 'Hush! Stop singing for a while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear.'"

A young lady in Indianapolis, who is confined to the house on account of ill health, faithfully prepares the weekly exercises for a band of Juniors. She has been doing this for years, and takes such an interest as even to send the pins with which to pin up the pictures and diagrams that she has prepared. The little Endeavorers are very grateful for her services, and often remember her with kind messages, flowers, and other tokens of their appreciation.