



#### THE TWO INNS.

In a beautiful park on a mountain-side there are two houses in which I am interested, for they were built by a friend of mine for some friends of mine.

They were built by the boy of our family, for our dear friends, the birds, the chipmunks and the squirrels.

They were the owners of these lovely great mossy boulders and silver waterfalls and tall trees before we came and built our cottage here, so we are going to be as kind to them as we know how to be.

When the rocks were blasted and the hammers and saws at work, they all went away, but now they are back again, and the birds come in at our windows, and the chipmunks run across the veranda and look at us with curious, bright eyes, and are not afraid.

Our boy has his "carpenter's shop" behind the lattice-work of the basement, and there he made first a house for the robins, or any of their cousins that might like to take a cottage, rent free for a season. He stained the roof and veranda a rosy red, and the parts between a yellow-brown; and upon the front gable was painted the name, "Cock Robin Inn."

The next house was twice as large as the one I have described, but made and stained very much like it, only on the front was another name, "The Squirrel Inn."

Our boy tells me this is "for weary chipmunks and travelling squirrels."

This little inn has been placed a few feet away from our cottage. Sometimes it has been placed on a great moss-covered rock, but just now it stands on a stump that the chipmunks have often made their speeches from.

Some nuts are temptingly strewn on the veranda, and there are more inside. This inn is not a trap. It has a back door as well as a front door, and they are always open, so that our friends, who do not always agree, may have a way of escape in time of need.

The inn is a new idea to them, and they are shy about entering, but another season we hope they will become accustomed to it, and enjoy its hospitality.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### AN OLD SELFISHNESS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

When Sarah Davis and her sister Nannie were children, dolls' tea-sets were scarcer than they are now. Only one of their playmates had one, and she was the doctor's daughter, and had a New York aunt, who was reported as fabulously wealthy, to send it to her. Even in her case those dainty little dishes, with their rosebuds and lines of gilding, were stowed away carefully on the top shelf of the china closet, and never played with except on great and rare occasions.

Sarah and Nannie drank tea out of those fairy cups once when the doctor's daughter was eight years old, and had some company to celebrate her birthday, and they never forgot it. The day after the party they looked rather disdainfully on the bits of broken crockery which served them for dishes.

"S'pose mamma had to use some great giant's broken-up plates instead of whole ones, guess she wouldn't like it," said Nannie. She was the younger, a little round-faced, black-eyed girl.

Still the children were contented enough in the main with their make-believe dishes. Their childish fancy was quite active enough generally to make amends for such discrepancies. They had an old salt box with shelves rigged in it for a cupboard, and there they stored away their precious fragments. The shelves were divided between them, and each had her own "dishes." There was not much choice between the two lots. Mrs. Davis had insisted on as equal a division as possible of all this booty from china closet and pantry. A bit of beautiful blue china on Nannie's shelf was offset by a richly gilded fragment on Sarah's, and so on. The children were amicable about the partition of valuables, although Sarah occasionally was a little envious and vacillating, and inclined, finally, to think that Nannie had the better.

Every new treasure to swell their store was hailed with the greatest delight. Sarah's heart fairly leaped into her throat for joy when her Aunt Marion called her in one day when she was passing her house.

"I've broken one of my best pink saucers," said she sorrowfully, "but I suppose some good will come out of it. I know you children will be delighted to have it."

"Oh," cried Sarah, her blue eyes snapping, "I guess we shall!"

It was broken so nicely in halves, and the china was exquisite—the loveliest shade of pink, sprinkled over with little gold flowers.

Sarah went home slowly, looking at them all the way. She held one tightly in each hand. "I shall have to give one to Nannie," she thought to herself. How it was that temptation crept into Sarah's little heart she could not have told; but with every step on that homeward road, she hated more and more the thought that she must part with one piece of that beautiful china. "She's got prettier ones than I have now," the little girl said complainingly to herself. "That last green piece was a good deal handsomer than my brown. She's the youngest, too; seems as if I ought to have a little the best."

Sarah walked slower and slower. She looked more and more wistfully at the china. She tucked both pieces under her little shawl when she came in sight of home. "I won't give it to her to-night, anyway," she said. She entered the house, and ran softly up-stairs to the attic, where the children had their playhouse. Nobody saw her.

When she went down-stairs into the sitting-room, Nannie ran to meet her eagerly. "Oh, Sarah," she cried, "you don't know what has happened since you went away! A letter has come, and Aunt Serena wants you to come to Boston and stay a month!"

Sarah turned fairly pale with delight. This had been the dream of her life—to visit Aunt Serena in Boston. Her little head was in a whirl from that minute till the happy day when she seated herself in the stage coach, and set forth on the Boston road. Little time had she to think about poor fragments of china in the attic of that house far back among the hills, during that delightful visit, which extended itself to two months.

When she returned, however, and she and Nannie took up their rounds of homely joys again, and began their miniature housekeeping, she did think of that pink china. But she could not find it. The memory of the safe hiding place to which she had hurriedly consigned it had completely vanished from her childish mind. She said nothing about it to Nannie, but she hunted secretly for a long time. She poked in every dark corner in the attic, but it never came to light till years afterward, when Sarah and Nannie were all past playing with bits of broken china.

Sarah was eighteen and Nannie was sixteen when the long-lost treasure appeared. Sarah was teaching school, and proudly bringing home her little earnings; she took great delight in them. The Davis family was not rich, and Sarah did love pretty things. She liked to buy nice dresses and bonnets for herself. Nannie did not have so many, as she was still dependent on her father, who could not afford them. It was very doubtful, moreover, if she would ever be able to teach and earn for herself. She was not as strong as Sarah.

One night when Sarah came home from a shopping trip, bringing some pretty pink stuff for a dress, Nannie could not help looking at it a little wistfully.

"That would be pretty for me wouldn't it?" said she. And she went to the glass and held it up against her face. She did need a new dress.

Something in her sad voice startled Sarah a little. She looked at her uneasily. "Yes, it's very becoming," she said hesitatingly. The thought did flash through her mind that she might give that dress to Nannie, that the child needed it more than she did, but she tried to put it aside.

Nannie put the pretty pink cloth down with a little sigh, and seated herself at her work again. She was ripping an old coat, which had been laid away in the attic for years. She had come across it, and thought it might be made over for herself.

"You can't imagine what I found in the pocket of this old coat, Sarah," she said, taking up her scissors. "The funniest thing—"

An odd feeling of grasping at a shadow came over Sarah. "What?" she said quickly.

Nannie fumbled about the pieces of the coat on the table. "Here—"

There were two pieces of pink china with little gold flowers on them.

"How do you suppose they came there?" asked Nannie innocently.

Sarah sat breathless. All that old selfishness came back to her. She must have hidden the china in the pocket of that old coat on that memorable night. She began to laugh. She was blushing, too. She could not help feeling ashamed, though it was all so silly and childish and long ago.

"Why, do you know?" said Nannie wonderingly.

Then Sarah told the whole story. Nannie listened, laughing merrily.

"You might have had them both, if you had wanted them as badly as all that," said she, more generous perhaps than she would have been years ago, when those bits of china had full current value in her childish mind.

Nannie kept breaking out in little bits of laughter over it, as the two girls sat there. Sarah still had on her bonnet and wrap. She looked thoughtful, though she laughed in company with her sister. Finally she untied her bonnet with a resolute little pull and arose.

The pretty pink material was lying nicely folded, on the sofa. Sarah took it up and handed it to Nannie.

"See here! I've been thinking," said she, "that you had better have this dress. I don't need it, anyway, and you do. And it is a great deal prettier for you than for me. Pink was always your color. And then I shall feel a little easier about my having been such a pig when I was a little girl. I don't know but I hide away things in coat pockets now sometimes, and if I do I want to stop. You needn't say a word, dear; you're going to have it. I'll help you make it; we'll ruffle it, and put on some lace, and it will look lovely. We will get it finished so you can wear it to church next Sunday."—*Christian at Work.*

#### HELPING EACH OTHER.

A very quaint incident, and one worth repeating, is that of two little dogs, who, while-out for their afternoon airing, became thirsty, and finding themselves near a city park fountain, decided to have a drink, but neither of them was tall enough to reach the water. So, after talking the matter over in true dog fashion—that is, by running round and round, jumping up, standing on their hind legs, and indulging in all sorts of strange antics—they suddenly solved the problem, and in the funniest way.

One of them ranged himself under the edge of the basin, and the other, by resting his forefeet upon his companion's back, was just able to reach the water. When he had finished, he hopped down, and, taking his companion's place, allowed him to satisfy his thirst as he had done. Then they both trotted off to meet their master, who had stood by in silent wonder and admiration at his pets' performance.—*Harper's Young People.*

#### ONE THING TO REMEMBER.

Above all, remember that it is only by hard work that success is achieved. If you would win in the great struggle of life you must study and work without intermission. As one of the most famous of our self-made men has said, "You must not only work, but you must select your work with intelligence. You must be preparing the way for what you intend to become." What your hands find to do, do it so well that you will satisfy not only your employer, but yourself. Boys who do this are bound to achieve financial success, and that is a great deal in this world, but not all. Financial success does not always bring happiness. You can round out your careers in a splendid way by doing something for others as well as yourself. If you find some weak brother who is not as able as you are to cope with the world, be generous and do what you can to aid him. Try to do something for others every day. Helpfulness is a word that you should always keep in mind.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE MAN who brought his sacrifice to the temple didn't have to bring one that weighed so much, but he did have to bring one that was without blemish.