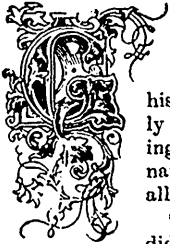


GEORGE AND THE GOLDEN RULE.



GEORGE'S lips stuck out as if a bumble-bee had stung them. Think of it! When his dearest own mamma was softly putting him to bed, and talking to him so sweetly about the naughty things he had been doing all day.

"When you spoke so to Robbie, did you think it was keeping the Golden Rule?" said mamma, sadly.

"He says just that way to me always," cried George, excitedly. "And he's a-bound to break all my things, and he deserves to have his broke back again."

"But the Golden Rule, George!" said mamma. "My boy mustn't break that, if Robbie did break playthings."

George didn't say, "Don't Care!" But old Don't Care sat on his lips as large as life.

Mamma went away at last, and left him. She sat down by the window and tried to think of some plan to make George a better boy.

Next morning George came down to breakfast when he got ready. Nobody called him. They had hot buckwheats and honey for breakfast, and usually mamma called him, so as to have them nice. But this time she said, "He wouldn't trouble himself to call us. Never mind him."

When he did get down everything was cold.

"Why didn't somebody put 'em in the warming oven, Katy?" he asked, in angry surprise. "You wouldn't like it, I guess, to have old fried griddles stone cold."

"Deed, and I shouldn't thin!" said Katy, "But a body can't be always doing to other folks as ye'd like them to do to yourself."

This was George's own idea, but it wasn't pleasant to take with cold griddles.

"Where's papa and mamma?" he asked after a while.

"Gone for a ride," said Katy.

"Without me?" cried George, choking.

"Sure, yes," said Katy, cheerfully. "They said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for you, You never wait for anybody."

He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not if the cakes had been red hot. Mamma gone, mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that! He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in the closet, and cried an hour or less.

After a long time, he came out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase.

"I want one in my buttonhole," said George, wistfully eyeing the creamy, fragrant buds.

"Yes," said mamma sweetly. "It would be pretty!" and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment.

Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then carelessly. It didn't seem that anybody was displeas'd with him. Only nobody cared for him. Oh, the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day, "I wonder what my little George would like."

After dinner mamma sat down and read. "What Will He Do with It?" George knew what he would do with it, could he only get hold of it. He would take that book and pitch it "clear" way down to the bottommost place in the well." Read and eat caramels!

Why, almost always mamma read to him. And who ever heard of mamma keeping nice things to eat all alone?

All at once mamma heard a great sob. She laid down her book and looked at George sorrowfully.

"Does he want to come and sit in mamma's lap a minute?" she said gently.

Bounce! It was only George. But people who aren't used to boys might have thought a cannon ball had struck them, or something.

"O mamma!" cried George, squeezing her tightly. "I wish I was your mother, and you were my little boy."

"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she was almost crying. "What for?"

"Oh, because I'd stop showing you how horrid it is not keeping the Golden Rule!"

Mamma took the hint and gave him some candy, with two or three of her best kisses.

"O mamma!" sobbed George on her neck. "Wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—*Sel.*

