

Robert's Visit.

Robert was very fond of his neighbor, Captain Somes. It seemed so wonderful that this man had been round the Horn—to the head of the Baltic Sea and to Spain and Australia; it was more wonderful that he had found his way back.

'But, Captain Somes,' Robert asked one day, 'the waves all look alike. How did you know whether to turn to the right or the left?'

'You come over to supper with me to-night and I will show you a little instrument that told me just which way to go,' said the captain; and his invitation filled Robert with importance for the remainder of the afternoon. When he was being washed and combed and made ready for the visit he began to have some misgivings, and to wish that his mother were going too. There would be no one to attend to his napkin—for he was only six years old, and he knew things were so apt to go wrong at table. He wished that the captain had brought the queer little instrument down to the wharf, where they could talk quite naturally about it. But it was too late to change the plans, for there was to be an early supper for him, so he could be back at bedtime.

'Now, remember, Robert,' his mother said, 'be sure to say 'Yes, I thank you,' and 'No, I thank you.'

Robert remembered this when he saw the table set in snowy linen and when the captain helped him into a great leather chair at the end of the long table. All went well until the maid passed some delicious tarts. 'Yes, you can eat some of these,' said the captain, 'can't you?'

Then Robert blundered. 'No, I thank you,' he said, and then he could have cried, for the maid took him at his word, and set them out of his reach. He looked down at his plate and turned very red.

The captain sat eating the tarts with a relish, and telling him funny stories all the while. Presently he said, 'Aren't you a little sorry you didn't have a tart?'

Robert choked, and answered hurriedly, 'Yes, I thank you.' At least this was true.

'Well, well,' said his friend, 'that is a mistake that is easily corrected,' and smiling a little, 'Kitty, you put the tarts right beside Robert's plate and let him help himself.'

Pleased at being right this time, Robert's spirits revived and he was soon talking and laughing in his old, happy way. He was not sure, however, that he really liked visiting until they were in the library, and there he saw the wonderful compass and heard the strange thing about the little finger always pointing in the north. It seemed a very small thing to be so much help in finding Australia.

When Robert's big brother called for him, he told the captain what a splendid visit he had had.

'You aren't sorry you came, then?'

'No, thank you,' said Robert.

'And you will come again?'

'Yes, I thank you,' said Robert, and then he went home, feeling that at this time he had surely used the right words in the right place.—'Child's Hour.'

The Child and the Clock.

Once upon a time there was a clock that stood upon the mantel in a little boy's mother's room, ticking merrily night and day, 'Tickety, tickety, tock.'

It told the little boy's father when to go to work, and it told the little boy's mother when to get dinner, and sometimes talked to the little boy himself. 'Go to bed, sleepy-head,' that is what

it seemed to say at bedtime; and in the morning it ticked out loud and clear, as if it were calling, 'Wake up, wake up, wake up.'

The little boy's mother always knew just what it meant by its tickety, tickety, tock, and, late one afternoon, when he was playing with his toys and the clock was ticking on the mantel, she said:

'Listen, little boy, the clock has something to tell you:

'Tickety, tickety, tock,' it is saying, 'Tickety, tock, it is time to stop playing,

Somebody's coming so loving and dear You must be ready to welcome him here.'

Then the little boy jumped up in a hurry and put hobby-horse in the corner, and his pony lines on a hook in the closet, and his tin soldiers in a straight row on the cupboard shelf.

'Now I'm ready,' he said, but—

'Tickety, tickety, tock.'

Time to tidy yourself, said the clock.'

'Oh,' said the little boy, when his mother told him this; but he stood very still while she washed his hands and his rosy face and combed his curls till they were smooth and shining.

'Now I'm ready,' he said; and—do you believe it?—the very next minute the door opened and in walked the boy's father.

'I knew you were coming,' said the little boy, 'and so did mother. The clock told us, and I have on my new blouse.'—'Kindergarten Review.'

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