

queer looking thing with two handles; if it had not been so tall Helene would have called it a sugar-bowl.

'I'll have a party all by myself,' thought 'Little Miss Mischief,' with the twinkle in her eye that always meant 'fun.'

She opened a drawer and found a spoon; that looked queer, too. It was large and deep and made of wood,—a Japanese nut spoon that Helene never had seen before.

'What a lot of new sings mamma has dot!' she said to herself. She held the spoon in her hand for a moment, wondering what she should do next. It was not a bit like the silver spoons her mother generally used; it was red and black, with funny little Japanese figures in gilt all over it.

'I'll make some candy!' suddenly exclaimed Helene Zeniade. She had seen her mother make candy out of sugar and water, and Helene determined to try her hand at it.

'How s'prised mamma will be when she finds I can make candy, too!' Helene exclaimed, pattering out into the kitchen. 'I'll have it all done when she comes down from her nap,' the busy little cook went on, diving her wooden spoon down into the sugar bucket.

'I'll mix it in this pretty bowl,' she decided, lifting the pretty china dish from the side-board. 'It looks prettier than that old kettle mamma uses,' she assured herself.

Then into the bowl went the sugar and water; and in, too, went the painted wooden spoon, and then on the stove went both.

Helene stirred and stirred; and as she stirred the mixture grew pink.

'Oh, how pretty!' she exclaimed. 'I love pink candy! I wonder why mamma never makes it!'

The more she stirred, the pinker the mixture grew. Then—mercy! What was the matter with the spoon? All the bright colors had blurred, to an unsightly mess of black and red and yellow. Meanwhile, the candy grew pinker and pinker. At this stage, Helene decided to taste of it.

'It isn't as dood as mamma's candy,' mused the little cook. But she decided to spread it on a plate

to dry off, just as she had seen her mother do.

'P'raps mamma will like it,' was her next thought, as she proceeded to mark it off into squares.

By this time Mrs. Weston had finished her nap and was wondering what had become of Helene. Usually the restless little girl tiptoed into her mother's room several times during her afternoon nap, but to day not once had she appeared.

'There must be mischief brewing,' her mother assured herself. Not a sound could she hear as she descended the stairs. The parlor was empty, and so was the dining-room; but the kitchen—'Ah, here is my little girl!' she exclaimed.

'What are you doing, dear?'

'Making candy for you,' sweetly replied the busy little maid.

At the sight of Helene's pink lips and pinker fingers, her mother cried out: 'Helene Zeniade, what are you up to?' Then, noting the spoon and bowl, and the pink concoction, she seized Helene by one of her sticky little hands and rushed her up to the nursery, where she mixed something in a cup that did not taste nearly as good to Helene as what her mother had styled her 'pink poison' mixture, and told her to drink it quickly.

My! how Helene wished that she had not made the candy, for her mother threw every bit of it away without even tasting it, and without giving poor Helene another chance to taste it, either.

'I was learning to make candy,' explained 'Little Miss Mischief,' when her mother asked why she had taken the dishes from the sideboard.

When her mother explained to her that what she called the 'lovely pink color' of her candy was poisonous paint, which came from the spoon she had used to mix it with; and when Helene saw the spoon she had so much admired with all the color washed off, she began to understand that she really had been naughty.

'But why did you give me the nasty medicine, mamma?' questioned the little girl.

'To keep the paint which came off the spoon from making you sick,' was the answer.

'Would I have been sick if I had not taken it?' Helene persisted.

'Most likely,' replied her mother.

Then 'Little Miss Mischief Helene Zeniade,' quite a long name for such a small girl, climbed to her mother's lap and nestled her curly head against her shoulder, while a very thoughtful look crept into her face.

'I dess it is better to play wiv my own sings, and let grown-up dishes alone,' she confided.

'Much better and wiser,' replied her mother. 'You might then lose the name of 'Little Mischief,' and mamma might forget to say 'Helene Zeniade' quite so often.'

Two Kinds of a Boy.

'Splain Me This.'

I want to ask a question;

Now, 'splain me this who can:

Why, 'tis when I get hurt,

I'm mother's great big man.

'Too large, of course and brave to cry;'

But when I ask for cheese,

Or maybe pickles with my lunch,

Why, then—now listen, please—

Oh, no, I'm 'too little dear,

Must eat nice milk and bread?'

I think and worry over this

Until it hurts my head;

And I'd be very much obliged,

If some one would tell me,

Just 'zactly what's the proper size

A feller ought to be.—Selected.

Selfish and Lend-a-Hand.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying up and down the land.

On Lend-a-hand the sunshine
smiled;

The wild flowers bloomed for the
happy child,

Birds greeted her from many a tree,
But Selfish said, 'No one loves me.'

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-hand
Went journeying home across the land.

Miss Selfish met with trouble and
loss;

The weather was bad, the folks
were cross.

Lend-a-hand said, when the jour-
ney was o'er,

'I never had such a good time
before.'

—M. A. Mary F. Butts, in 'Christian Guardian.'