

1. There is the pitcher full of sweet milk, and there they are on the floor longing for a taste of that milk. How are they to get it? Blackie and Whiteie sit and think.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT YOURSELF?

There was a great commotion in the backyard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnnie chasing the cat with stones. "Why, Johnnie, what are you doing? What is the matter with kitty?" she called.

"She's all dirty, mamma. Somebody shut her up in the coal-hole," he said.

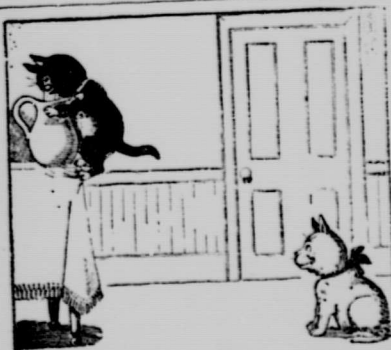
"And is that all?" mamma wanted to know.

"Why, yes. She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her around."

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself, and went back into the house. Presently Johnnie came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

"O mamma, mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, and then turned and sat down again. "Jane," she said quietly to the nurse, who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel-tones?"



2. Blackie is a good-natured kitten and agrees to do as Whiteie suggests, and there he is with the jug between his paws at last. Naughty little Whiteie sits smiling on the floor, for he sees what will happen. Do you?

Nurse looked up astonished, and Johnnie stopped his loud noise to stare.

"Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said mamma, "to throw at Johnnie. He's been in a puddle, and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around."

Johnnie felt as if this was more than he could bear, but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried in humble tones. "Poor kitty; I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnnie was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.

THE HUNGRY BABY.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWIT.

Why do you s'pose they've left me here.

Fastened in this high chair?

On my tray there's not a single crumb, I've looked at it everywhere.

Nurse! Mamma! where have you gone?

Bring me my bottle quick!

I'm laughing now, with all my might,

But if you don't come I'll kick

And scream with all my might. You'll see!

It's the only way, you know,

I have to say you've forgotten me.

It's too bad to treat me so.

MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT YOU HAVE.

The children lived in a little cabin home, and all three of them—Nell, Rob and Lizzie—were taking a gay "make believe" ride on an old log.

A gentleman who was passing down the road stopped and said,

"Good-morning, little folks. That is rather slow riding. Wouldn't you like a horse and carriage?"

"Yes, sir," said Robbie, "but we haven't any, and so we are getting the most fun we can out of what we do have."

Was that not a wiser answer? How much pleasanter this world would be if all the little people—and the big ones, too—would stop fretting about what they cannot get, and make the best of what they have.

A LITTLE THING.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire.

To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—

A little thing; but her mother smiled,

And banished all her care,

And a day that was sad

Closed bright and glad,

With a song of praise and prayer.



3. Poor Blackie has fallen into the trap set for him and is caught by the angry Bridget.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

How is this for a three-year-old? An old man was passing the house Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes, and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk stingy?"

A little three-year-old girl, who has received a present of a kitten, says: "Shall we have to pack her in campher next summer to keep the moths out of her fur?"

"Now, Will," said the schoolmaster, "if there were ten birds on a branch, and a naughty boy came along with a gun and fired and killed five, how many would be left?" "Five," said Will. "How many do you think, Tommy?" said the teacher. "None," replied Tommy: "'cause when he fired, they'd all fly."

THE CHILDREN OF ITALY.

The children of Italy are generally beautiful and graceful, and have sweet, musical voices. Most of the people are poor, and the children are obliged to work. Some of them who live near the sea gather up sticks and bits of wood and take them into the cities and sell them. Others sell the fish caught by their fathers or elder brothers. They are quite as fond of play as the children of our own land.



4. And Whiteie gets just what he has been licking his lips for ever since we saw them first.